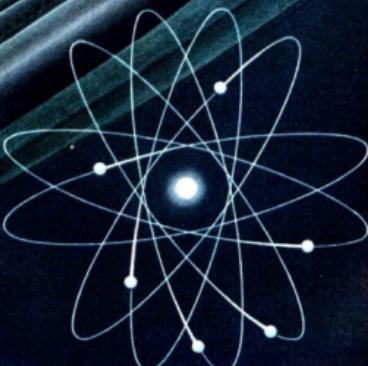


TWENTY CENTS

JANUARY 11, 1954

TIME

NEWSMAGAZINE



ARTZ/GAJECKI

ATOMIC SUBMARINE'S ADMIRAL RICKOVER

In sea power, another revolution.

\$6.00 A YEAR

ISSN 0040-8885

VOL. LIII NO. 2



Blizzard victim

"You won't be able to get through tonight," the old store-keeper at the crossroads had warned him. "Better stay here. We've got a bed for you."

But he was in a hurry. No storm was going to stop him — not when he'd promised his youngsters he'd be home. So he started out.

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The men who fight to keep our highways open all too seldom get the credit they deserve. The moment there's a storm warning, they're out on the job. They battle through bitter cold and giant drifts without rest until the last road is cleared. Partners with them in their struggle are versatile Caterpillar Diesel Motor Graders.

All year around, these sturdy yellow machines are the work horses of highway departments — removing snow in winter, building and maintaining roads in other seasons. Their versatility also makes them invaluable in other fields, both civilian and military. Wherever you see them at work, you see machines doing a good, honest job.

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Burstproof steam hose is typical of

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Flowers-By-Wire



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Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan

LETTERS

The Color of Justice

Sir:

Please accept my thanks for presenting such a concise and effective article on the cases concerning educational segregation now before the U.S. Supreme Court (our Dec. 21, "The Fading Line"). It is inconceivable that a person could adhere to thinking along racially restrictive lines in the light of the advances and lessons evident in modern humanity.

WILLIAM E. ELSTON JR.
Fort Sill, Okla.

Sir:

Your story . . . was read with interest, despite your obvious bias in favor of the Negro race . . . We are far truer friends to the Negro than the Yankee zealots who seek to cram down our throats a principle we will never accept . . . The end of segregation can only result in a mongrel race, as time goes by. Thank God, the blood strain of the South is the purest in the world . . .

GARDNER DICKINSON SR.
Panama City, Fla.

Sir:

. . . You speak of "segregation's old unsweet song." Can you see that segregation of races is an integral part of our way of life here, and that it is impossible to legislate a social change. The Negroes here aren't unhappy. They're not oppressed. They are making great progress . . .

BEN OWEN

Columbus, Miss.

Sir:

. . . We are not crusaders, but it has helped this family to remain conscious of our Amer-

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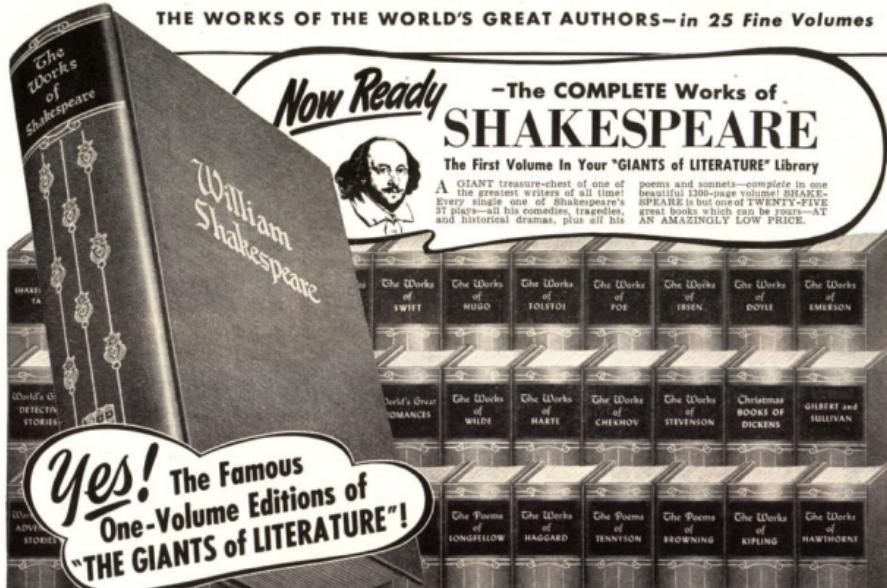
TIME
January 11, 1954

Volume LXIII
Number 2

TIME, JANUARY 11, 1954

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ican heritage by remembering that each man is an individual and should be judged as such.

ROBERT W. ANDERSON
Wallingford, Conn.

Forgotten Men

Sir:

My hat is off to Ken McCormick of the Detroit Free Press [TIME, Dec. 14] . . . The article reminded me of a somewhat similar incident. When I acted as Mexican consul in Kansas City, Mo., during President Venustiano Carranza's time [1917-1920], it was my duty to talk with every Mexican in the state penitentiary and secure pardons for innocent ones who did not have interpreters at their trials. I found one man whom the warden had no record of, but who had been in prison (working in coal mines) for over five years. Investigation proved that he merely accompanied a convicted friend from the mines at Joplin to bid him goodbye at the penitentiary gate. As he walked in, the gates closed. They cut off his hair, dressed him in striped clothes and kept him for no reason . . . as he could not talk English . . .

Governor Capper of Kansas not only pardoned him but apologized and paid him a suitable sum of money for every day he was incarcerated, and I sent him to his home in Guanajuato, where he bought a farm and lived happily ever after . . .

JACK DANCIGER

Fort Worth, Texas

Ruffled Hens (Contd.)

Sir:

Whoever thought that a Lucy Stoner would be so girlishly sensitive as Jane Grant about being called a "newsheen" [TIME, Letters, Dec. 21]? Newsheen is one of the cleverest coined words. Short, flattering. To adults it connotes a plump, toothsome chick (no newspaperwoman I ever saw) in fine, glossy feathers (ditto). Stepping high and daintily, she delicately picks the wheat from the chaff . . .

FLORA LESTER

San Pedro, Calif.

Sir:

... Your comment said that in private life I was Mrs. William B. Harris. Not remotely a fact. In private, public or business life I am Jane Grant . . . The only thing a human being can really call his own is his name. It is the only possession circumstances can't take away from him. I value my name. Also, it's convenient for me not to change it. I never have to remember who I am; friends needn't pause, trying to remember my newest name . . .

JANE GRANT

The Lucy Stone League, Inc.
New York City

Sir:

In the search for a more appropriate term than "newsheen," would "newsheew" be of any help? The dignified term "newshawh" might in some cases be replaced with "news-skunk," as a further concession to the ladies of the fourth estate.

J. M. CRAIG*

Washington, D.C.

Sir:

. . . I for one would rather be a hen, a bird which is industrious, attracts a great deal of attention with her clucking, frequently digs up juicy morsels and covers her beat very thoroughly. Maybe she lays an egg from time to time, but don't we all? . . .

KATHRYN NORWOOD

Arkansas Gazette
Little Rock

* No kin to Newsheen May Craig, Washington correspondent for a group of Maine newspapers.

Arizona's Turkish Twin

Sir:

There is a saying in Turkish to the effect that each person has an identical twin somewhere, and now we perceive that this axiom apparently applies also to rocks and mountains. Imagine our surprise on seeing a picture of what appeared to be Urgup in



TURKEY'S URGUP

Turkey and its caption which described it as Spider Rock, Canyon de Chelly, Ariz. [TIME, Dec. 21] . . . Urgup Valley in Turkey's Central Anatolia is full of unique dwellings cut into volcanic formations eroded into strange shapes by wind and water. Early Christians,



ARIZONA'S SPIDER ROCK

Jack Breed—FPG

fleeing pagan persecution . . . settled here and carved a community . . . where old religious frescoes may be seen . . . Eroded into pyramids, cones and towers, the volcanic formations are chalk white, grey, or even dark blue . . .

NEZH MANYAS

Turkish Information Office

New York City

¶ For a comparison, see cuts.—ED.

The Outgathering (Contd.)

Sir:

Re your Nov. 23 story [about disillusioned Israeli immigrants who were trying to get into Germany]: I met Joda Eisenbart and have this signed and witnessed statement from him.

"I, Joda Eisenbart, deny that I gave the information attributed to me in this story. I have one child—not three. I never was in a concentration camp, but was in Russia during the war. I had a wagon and was not a quarry worker. I categorically deny saying that Israel was like a concentration camp." Furthermore, Joda Eisenbart was never in

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irritation and imparts a masculine
fragrance that's right because
it's Yardley. At fine stores everywhere,
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Makers and distributors for U.S.A., Yardley of London, Inc., New York

Vienna as stated in the story, nor was he interviewed in Camp Föhrenwald, where he never was . . .

All members of the Munich group of returnees denounced the article vehemently and charged that the magazine deliberately omitted a pertinent fact which they told the reporter—that they were ready to return to Israel for military duty.

TIME owes an apology to the unfortunate people involved, its readers, itself and the state of Israel.

LOUIS BERNSTEIN

Chaplain (1st Lieut.), U.S. Army
% Postmaster
New York City

¶ TIME rechecked its sources and finds that because of misunderstanding a Yiddish interpreter, it erred on the number of children Eisenbart has and on his former residence in Vienna. TIME regrets these errors, but stands by its story.—ED.

Crazy Like a Mink

Sir:

Re "Carriage Trade" [TIME, Dec. 14]: No wonder Mr. & Mrs. Europe think Americans are a bit crazy. Can you tell us whether or not any of the mink bras and panties—price, \$2,500 a set—were sold?

LAWRENCE J. CURTIN
Albuquerque, N. Mex.

¶ Only two customers bought the set; three others settled for pants alone (priced at a cautious \$1,500).—ED.

Building in Manhattan

Sir:

Your picture spread and Dec. 21 account of recent building construction in mid-Manhattan . . . was spectacularly interesting. But why call it "The Great Manhattan Boom"? . . . The use of the word "boom" in characterizing our economy, unless thoroughly justified, only comforts those who regard our economic way of life as a hopeless repetition of "boom and bust." Any issue of *Pravda* will tell you so. In Manhattan we have had a resumption of office-building construction after a lapse of 15 years. Meanwhile our economy expanded . . . Virtually every square foot in new & old buildings is occupied, at normal rates. The construction was largely financed by our very large and very conservative insurance companies and savings banks. This is not the construction spree of the '20s, when finance was by speculators . . .

CLINTON W. BLUME
President
The Real Estate Board of New York, Inc.
New York City

Sir:

. . . It should be required reading for those critics of New York who call it a dying city. What's so dead about a city with a record of 965 new postwar buildings and another 94 to come soon? If the design of contemporary New York architecture leaves something to be desired esthetically, it is not the fault of builders. No builder ever turned down a beautiful architectural design if it were feasible economically, if the building could be constructed to rent at a price that business firms would pay . . .

Instead of decrying concentration, why don't the critics recognize the need for a new and fresh kind of architectural thinking, a more realistic building code, and a bolder approach to the problem of moving people and vehicles with greater dispatch, comfort and efficiency? . . .

NORMAN TISHMAN
New York City

TELEPHONES... and things we can't talk about

We at Western Electric don't like to be secretive . . .

But at the present time we're working on some of Uncle Sam's newest electronic weapons of defense. Radar systems — guided missile control systems — special military communications equipment — things about which, naturally, we can say little or nothing.

In the past 72 years as manufacturing unit of the Bell Telephone System — Western Electric has developed unique skills and manufacturing techniques that fit us for the important defense work we have been called upon to do. We're going full speed ahead on it along with our regular job. That job is to make dependable telephone equipment that will help your Bell telephone company to serve you well, at the lowest possible cost.



PAUL
RABUT

Western Electric



A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

"For the Common Good"

From the radio and television room in the White House, the President of the U.S. this week delivered his first message of 1954. It was beamed at the American people through every major radio and television network. Its aim was clear: Dwight Eisenhower was attempting to rally behind his legislative program the great popular support that swept him into the White House in 1952.

While he did not offer a preview of his State of the Union message, the President did call public attention to his forthcoming recommendations to Congress. He outlined the accomplishments and restated the aims of his Administration, speaking largely of principle rather than of detail, but in crisp, direct terms.

The Accomplishments: What has the Administration done? The President listed "a few" of the accomplishments:

1. "The fighting and the casualties in Korea mercifully have come to an end . . .

2. "Our own defenses and those of the free world have been strengthened against Communist aggression.

3. "The highest security standards are being insisted upon for those employed in Government service.

4. "Requests for new appropriations have been reduced by \$1.3 billion.

5. "Tax reductions which go into effect this month have been made financially feasible by substantial reductions in Government expenditures.

6. "Strangling controls on our economy have been removed.

7. "The fantastic paradox of farm prices, on a toboggan slide while living costs soared skyward, has ceased.

8. "The cheapening by inflation of every dollar you earn, every savings account and insurance policy you own, and every pension payment you receive has been halted.

9. "The proper working relationship between the Executive and Legislative branches of the Federal Government has been made effective.

10. "Emergency immigration legislation has been enacted.

11. "A strong and consistent policy has been developed toward gaining and retaining the initiative in foreign affairs.

12. "A plan to harness atomic energy to the peaceful service of mankind, and to help end the climate of suspicion and fear that excites nations to war, has been proposed to the world."

The Aims. Taking note of widespread talk about a business recession, the President spoke sternly of the "self-appointed peddlers of gloom and doom." Assuring the people that his Administration is deeply concerned with "the realities of living," he said: "Groundwork . . . has been laid by this Administration in the



Associated Press

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER
To demonstrate the power of free men.

strong belief that the Federal Government should be prepared at all times—ready, at a moment's notice, to use every proper means to sustain the basic prosperity of our people.

"I therefore give you this assurance: every legitimate means available to the Federal Government that can be used to sustain that prosperity is being used and will continue to be used as necessary. This Administration believes that we must not and need not tolerate a boom-and-bust America."

In America, said the President, no one group can really prosper unless all Americans prosper. "We are one family made up of millions of American families with the same hopes for a full and happy life. We must not become a nation divided into factions, or special groups and hostile cliques. We believe that the slum, the outdated highway, the poor school sys-

tem, deficiencies in health protection, the loss of a job, and the fear of poverty in old age—in fact, any real injustice in the business of living—penalizes all of us. And this Administration is committed to help you prevent them."

In stating those principles, Dwight Eisenhower spotlighted what he called the "key word" of his Administration and of the program it will present to Congress: "Help." What did he mean by help? "We do not mean monuments to costly and intolerant bureaucracy. We do not mean a timid unwillingness to act. We mean service—service that is effective, service that is prompt, service that is single-mindedly devoted to solving the problem."

The Invitation. With a bow to the principle of decentralized government, the President said his Administration intends to "rely on the good sense and local knowledge of the community." Therefore, it will "decentralize administration as much as possible so that the services of government may be closer to you and thus serve you better . . . We know that you are far more knowledgeable than Washington as to the nature of your local needs. We also know that, as the local partners in any enterprise, you will be incessantly concerned with efficiency and economy—something which we are promoting in all federal enterprises."

Since last Jan. 20, said the President, his Administration has been like a man building a house—planning and building "the foundation for our forthcoming legislative program." The result: "It is a program that does not deal in pie-in-the-sky promises to all, nor in bribes to a few, nor in threats to any. It is a program inspired by zeal for the common good, dedicated to the welfare of every American family—whatever its means of livelihood may be, or its social position, or its ancestral strain, or its religious affiliation."

Having set the stage for his message to Congress, President Eisenhower clearly and frankly invited the voters to rally behind him in the effort to win enactment of his program. Said he: "When the State of the Union message is delivered to the Congress . . . I hope you will agree with me that it presents an opportunity which will enable us, as a people—united and strong—to push ever forward and to demonstrate to the world the great and good power of free men and women. We will build a stronger and better America—of greater security and constantly increasing prosperity for all."

THE CONGRESS

Pressure Makes Arithmetic

Outside the U.S. Senate Chamber stands a bust of Harry Truman. Its nose gets dirty because visitors are always tweaking it—most of them affectionately, some not. Last week, as workmen were finishing the Capitol's annual housecleaning, the nose was immaculate—all was ready for the second session of the 83rd Congress.

The legislative precincts were stirring and buzzing like a beehive in spring. By 8 o'clock almost every morning, Republican Senate Leader William Fife Knowland was in the Senate restaurant having California orange juice, poached eggs, politics and legislative plans for breakfast. The six telephones in the office of Senate Democratic Leader Lyndon Baines Johnson

tions, which, in turn, picked party nominees for Congress.

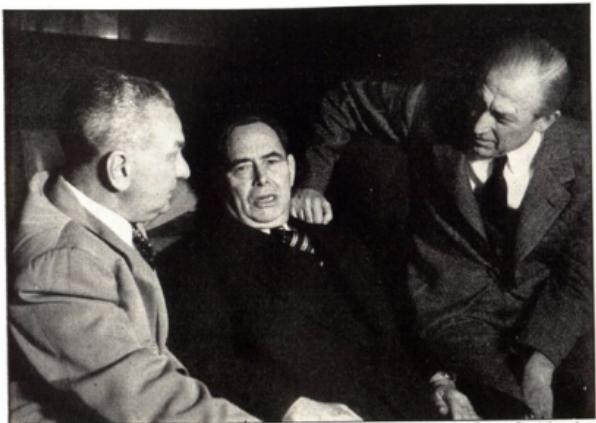
Today's congressional parties are not even split into definite factions. Each legislator studies his own state or district, pursues his own formula of how to get re-elected. All legislators cross party lines freely and with impunity, and nobody can read them out of the party. The congressional party whips do more wheedling than whipping, and the party leaders have become brokers of opinions and, occasionally, managers of debating teams.

This robust independence (or egocentric anarchy) is tempered by the influence of the presidency acting on the people—not through a party machine, but more directly through the President's access to press, radio and TV. The voters reached by the President exercise an influence on

leadership in the old sense. Martin, Knowland & Co. have no carrot, no stick—except as the President, by arousing public interest in his program, can provide them with carrots and sticks. Significantly, President Eisenhower began the political year 1954 by going to the people with a preview of his program (*see above*). If he succeeds in arousing and maintaining public interest, Congressmen, aware of next fall's elections, will be responsive to leadership. If not, not.

It Depends on Ike. This makes the Democratic position somewhat delicate. The Democrats are aware of Eisenhower's continued popularity, aware also that his prestige may drop sharply if the coming session of Congress gives an impression of being lost and leaderless. Accordingly, the Democrats want to avoid opposing Eisenhower, and at the same time they want to encourage all possible dissensions in his party. At the first session, the Democrats had some luck with this tactic. Although hotter heads now demand a frontal attack on Eisenhower, wily Democratic Senate Leader Johnson counsels waiting to see how Eisenhower makes out in his new role of positive leadership. Johnson puts it this way: "We will back the President when we think he's right; we will oppose him when we think he's wrong."

Neither party in Congress has crystallized around a program. Ike has a program (*TIME*, Dec. 28). Whether Congress adopts it or picks it to pieces depends not on the party arithmetic in Congress but on how much popular pressure Ike can generate and apply to Congressmen.



George Skadding—LIFE

SPEAKER MARTIN & AIDES*
More wheedling than whipping.

were beginning to jangle. From one side of Capitol Hill to the other, Topic A was: What kind of session will it be?

Irrelevant Figures. The most obvious—but not the most important—fact about the new session was the almost-equal party line-up.

THE SENATE:

Democrats	48
Republicans	47
Wayne Morse	1

THE HOUSE:

Republicans	219
Democrats	215
Frazier Reams	1

To some observers, this close line-up suggested the prospect of dramatic hairline votes, with the party leaders dragging the holt and bedridden to the floor. In fact, the arithmetic creates an illusion that harks back to the days before the direct primary, the days when U.S. political parties had cohesion, enforced by such instruments of discipline as copious federal patronage for local political organiza-

Congressmen. In this way, a President can exert almost as much (or as little) leverage on opposition Congressmen as on members of his own party. As election day approaches, a popular President's influence on Congressmen can be expected to increase considerably.

Carrots & Sticks. During the first session of the 83rd Congress, party lines and programs were blurred. The session had little shape or direction, because President Eisenhower was reluctant to assume a role of congressional leadership, which, strictly speaking, does not belong to his office.

But the President now appears to realize that if there is to be leadership, it must come from him. This fact is no reflection upon Senator Knowland, Vice President Nixon, House Speaker Joe Martin and their lieutenants. For a generation, no congressional figure of either party has been able to exercise congressional

* Majority Leader Charles Halleck, left, and Whip Leslie Arends.

ARMED FORCES Sacking Sad Sacks

The Army and Air Force each disclosed last week a manpower program that fits neatly into the Administration's drive to squeeze as much military strength as possible out of a tight defense budget.

¶ The Army ordered the discharge of 20,000 "professional privates" who 1) scored 14 or less (out of a possible 100) on the Armed Forces Qualification Test, 2) served a full three-year enlistment or more without getting to be corporals or better, 3) were never decorated or wounded in combat. Early last month, the Navy issued a ban against re-enlistment of men considered incapable of climbing to petty officer third class.

¶ The Air Force announced a plan to hire local civilians to replace 35,000 earthbound airmen doing pencil and monkey-wrench work at overseas bases. Operation Native Son, as the Air Force unofficially dubbed it, will free the 35,000 for military tasks, save a lot of money besides. An Air Force enlisted man, costing \$14,000 to train and \$4,900 a year to keep, makes an expensive grease monkey: a skilled Japanese mechanic is happy to do the work for \$900 a year—handsome wages for him.

Another side of the problem is how to keep trained and able officers and NCOs from leaving the service. A committee of

five generals and admirals last month submitted to Defense Secretary Wilson a thoughtful report on how to make the services more attractive to the kind of men they want to keep. One of the strongest proposals: maintain the old privileges of officer and NCO ranks. Recently, Secretary Wilson, as if he had never heard of the report, yielded to pressure—from organized liquor retailers—and banned sales of package liquor in service messes and clubs. Since package-liquor sales are a financial prop of officer and NCO clubs in the Navy and Marines, the order was one more chisel blow at badly chipped rank privileges.

Flipflop at Panmunjom

Claude J. Batchelor gobbled up the Communist line almost from the day in 1951 when he was taken prisoner in Korea. He quickly became known as a rabid "progressive," worked constantly to convert his fellow P.O.W.s, and, to anyone who would listen, proclaimed himself a "peace fighter." When other prisoners were repatriated after the cease-fire, 22-year-old Corporal Batchelor, 1st Cavalry Division, was a leader of the 23 Americans who chose to stay behind.

One night last week, the renegades gathered around a tiny stove in their barracks, sang Communist songs in competition with the whine of a wintry wind outside, joked, laughed and gulped down rice wine by the tin-cupful. Among these New Year's Eve celebrants was Claude Batchelor. He was not as happy as he acted. Red rule in the North Camp had begun to wear on the nerves of Peace-Fighter Batchelor. He had been receiving tender letters, supposedly from his Japanese wife (but the majority actually composed by Associated Press staffers in Tokyo), urging him to seek repatriation. Most important of all, Batchelor had started to worry about his own hide: the other Americans suspected him of wavering, and had taken away most of his powers as compound leader. He knew what might happen next. So Claude Batchelor, who had flipped like a trained seal from democracy to Communism, prepared to flop right back again.

At 1:30 a.m., after all the others had gone to sleep, Batchelor slipped from the barracks and ran to the barbed-wire fence surrounding the compound. He told an Indian guard: "I'm ill. I want to be taken to the medical-inspection room." Once there, he announced: "I'm all right. I want to be repatriated." Of the 23 original recalcitrants, Batchelor was the second to change his mind. The first, Corporal Edward Dickenson, had already returned to the U.S. and been married (TIME, Dec. 14).

Next day Batchelor held a press conference. He was smiling and cocky, waving off most questions with "I'd rather not answer that right now." Said Batchelor: "I just wanted to be a peace fighter. I just wanted to help the Communists advance some of their ideas—such as that America was an aggressive nation and the Soviet Union was peaceful."

"Presumed Dead"

Last week the U.S. added 3,656 names to its list of Korean war dead. All the men—3,400 from the Army and 256 from the Air Force—had been classified "missing in action" for at least a year, now are "presumed dead." Still counted as missing: some 3,713 servicemen. New total of U.S. dead: 29,922.

HEROES

Report on a Drug Clerk

Until the day he died at 21, stocky, brown-haired Francis C. Hammond of Alexandria, Va. showed virtually none of those traits of character that are usually thought to mark the outstanding man. He was an indifferent student at his home

fire to aid his stricken comrades. Hammond moved among the stalwart marines of marines and, although critically wounded himself, valiantly continued to administer aid to the other wounded throughout an exhausting four-hour period. When the unit was ordered to withdraw, he skillfully directed the evacuation of casualties and remained in the fire-swept area . . . until he was struck by a round of enemy mortar fire and fell, mortally wounded. By his exceptional fortitude, inspiring initiative and self-sacrificing efforts, Hammond . . . saved the lives of many marines."

Last week Francis Hammond's young widow, now a nurse with the Alexandria Health Department, took her 2½-month-old baby, Francis Jr., to the Pentagon Building. There, Secretary of the Navy



FRANCIS HAMMOND JR. & FATHER'S MEDAL OF HONOR
Four hours of hell on earth.

United Press

town's George Washington High School. He took no part in athletics. He worked part time in his uncle's drugstore and plunked away on the guitar; among his friends he was a follower, never a leader. He had no great desire to join the armed services, but when he became 19, in 1951, he picked the Navy without seeming to know quite why.

He became a medical corpsman, married an Alexandria girl named Phyllis Ann Jenkins, and last February was shipped off to Korea with the 1st Marine Division. One night just a month later, Corpsman Hammond found himself in a hell on earth—bleeding from wounds and pinned down by murderous mortar and artillery fire with other men of a Marine platoon which was attempting to assault an enemy outpost far in advance of the main line of battle.

"The barrage," said a Navy citation, "was followed by a vicious assault by onrushing enemy troops. Resolutely advancing through the veritable curtain of

Robert B. Anderson presented her with a Congressional Medal of Honor won by Corpsman Hammond for "conspicuous gallantry above and beyond the call of duty"—the fifth awarded a Navy man during the Korean war. The yawning baby was photographed; the Secretary carried him proudly off down corridors to show to admirals. Then the hero's wife took the hero's child in her arms and went quietly back to Alexandria with the bit of metal which had been molded in testimony of the fine name of Drug Clerk Francis Hammond.

FOREIGN RELATIONS Out of the Night

Austrian prisoners of war coming home from Soviet captivity last October reported that two Americans, named Homer Cox and Leland Towers, were among the inmates in a camp northeast of Moscow. The State Department checked up, learned that 1) a Private Homer Cox, 33, from

Oklahoma City, had been missing from his U.S. Army unit in Berlin since September 1949, and 2) a Leland Towers, 28, from San Francisco, had dropped out of sight in Finland in October 1951. U.S. Ambassador Charles E. Bohlen protested to the Kremlin. Last week, at Soviet military headquarters in East Berlin, the Russians handed the two men over to U.S. officials. For holding Cox and Towers prisoner (Cox for 51 months and Towers for 27) the stone-faced Russians offered no apology, no explanation.

Boy Meets Girl. The day after their release, Cox and Towers told their stories to the press. Cox said that he blacked out while drinking in a West Berlin cafe, woke up the next morning in an East Berlin police station. He spent the next 32 months in East Berlin's Lichtenberg Prison. His Russian captors accused him of being an

oner that interested him most of all was an Austrian girl named Inge Bremmer, whom the Russians released last October. After his liberation last week, Cox and Inge exchanged fervent telegrams, and Inge told reporters in Vienna that she expected to marry Cox.

Cox's story seemed "straightforward," an Army spokesman said. A court-martial lay ahead, but it would probably be just a formality to clear his record of desertion charges. Dark as the past four years had been for Homer Cox, the future, all in all, looked bright. He showed no signs of mental or physical crippling; he stood to collect more than four years' back pay, and he had found romance in a most unlikely place.

The Freedoomist. Much less straightforward than Cox's was the story told by Leland Towers, a complicated type who

plete chaos." But not all the Red had rubbed off. It appeared, Towers referred to the reporters as "members of the capitalist press," and announced that "quite a few changes should be made in the capitalist countries." When a reporter noted that Towers had remarkably uncalledous hands for a man who had worked in Soviet labor camps, Towers said blandly: "I wore cotton gloves." None of the thousands of returning captives the newsmen had met had ever before said anything about gloves in a Russian labor camp.

Asked about his plans, Towers said that he wanted to visit Spain and Yugoslavia and then return to the U.S., "if that's possible." But before Leland Towers set out on any more travels, geographical or ideological, U.S. intelligence services wanted to ask him a lot of questions.

CITIES

Musical Benches

Away back in 1948, Vincent Richard Impellitteri's ambition was to become a judge. Last week he made it—by a circuitous route.

About to step out of office as mayor of New York after a resounding defeat in the September primary, Impellitteri had been wondering how he could get a \$15,000-a-year lifetime post on the board of water supply, an office he once described as useless. In the end, however, Impellitteri took an even stranger course. Less than four hours before his term as mayor ended, he gave the water-board job to one Herbert M. Rosenberg, a man he had ousted from a city tax commission job in 1952. Rosenberg is a wheel horse of Tammany Hall, which bitterly opposed Independent Democrat Impellitteri when he won the mayoralty in 1950 and when he lost it in 1953.

Taking another step in the same direction, Impellitteri appointed one Wilfred A. Waltemade to a ten-year term as a justice of the domestic relations court, at \$19,500 a year. Waltemade is a man of the Bronx Democratic machine, which also bitterly opposed Impellitteri. Having thus rewarded his certified enemies, the retiring mayor crossed the East River into the borough of Brooklyn and rented a room in the Towers Hotel, to establish a residence in Kings County.

The reason for this strange pattern of events became crystal clear the next day, when New York City's new mayor, Tammany-backed Robert F. Wagner Jr., announced some of his own appointments. Named a justice of Brooklyn's court of special sessions (which deals mostly with misdemeanors) was Vincent R. Impellitteri. The judgeship, though it pays \$19,500 a year, was no longer the apple of Impy's eye. Main consideration: by staying on the city payroll in any capacity for two more years, Impellitteri will become eligible for what will probably be the highest retirement pay ever received by a government employee in the U.S.—around \$20,000 a year.



EX-CAPTIVES TOWERS & COX

In most unlikely places, cotton gloves and fervent romance.

intelligence agent, interrogated him "eight, ten, twelve hours daily . . . They beat and starved me. They stripped me and put handcuffs on me and strapped my legs to the chair . . . They would beat me until I passed out, then throw ice water on me."

Sentenced to 53 years' hard labor for espionage, sabotage and subversion, Cox was shipped to an Arctic prison camp, put to work in a coal mine. On a diet of two bowls of watery cabbage soup a day, he shriveled to 117 lbs. from his normal 180. "Every day someone died," he recalled. When prisoners rioted, he said, guards sprayed machine-gun fire into the crowd.

In slave-labor camps, Cox met several other American prisoners.* But the pris-

described himself as "an adventurous character" and "a freedoomist." Towers told of joining the American Communist Party in 1947, then setting out on foreign travels, working as a seaman and laborer. He wanted very much to see the Soviet Union because, as he still said last week, "the capitalist world is sick." Failing to get a visa from the Soviet embassy in Stockholm, he went to Finland, bought a pair of wirecutters, an ax and a compass, and cut his way through a barbed-wire barricade at the Finnish-Soviet border.

"I was a free man on Soviet territory for only five minutes," Towers said ruefully. Arrested and sentenced to three years' imprisonment for illegal entry, he "saw Russia through the bars and barbed wire of prisons and labor camps."

This view of life behind the Iron Curtain changed the freedoomist's convictions a little. "There is no freedom in the Soviet Union," he said at last week's press conference. "Russian Communism is com-

* He listed Army Privates William Marchuk of Brackenridge, Pa., and William Verdine of Scranton, La.; Civilians Jack Hural of Beverly Hills, Calif., George Green of Hollywood, and Leah Green, George's sister. He also said that he had heard about six other American prisoners whose names he did not know.

NEW ENGLAND

The Fight Over Bright

Yankee New England has the nation's worst unemployment problems, partly because it has lost big pieces of its industry to the booming South. Massachusetts' maphaired Freshman Senator John Kennedy, a curious blend of Boston conservatism and New Deal liberalism, is firm in his belief that the Federal Government should do something to slow down this economic migration. Democrat Kennedy has delivered long speeches in the Senate, has written for magazines—and even crossed the Mason-Dixon Line to defend his program. Last week he offered the clearest statement of his argument to date in a 4,000-word article in the *Atlantic*, aptly subtitled "The Struggle for Industry."

Natural Reasons. "Why do industries move South?" asks Kennedy. One cause, he admits, is the South's natural advantages, e.g., lots of fresh, pure water, a milder climate, plenty of elbow room. Another is the South's progress toward matching New England's pools of skilled labor, its research services, its markets and facilities. "Perhaps the most important of all, the South has a much larger supply of labor, primarily from the farms . . . thus enabling employers to select the youngest and most adaptable."

Also, the South has cheap power, largely because of "the influence" of federal programs. "The man who wants to start a moderate-size industry," writes Kennedy frankly, "would pay an annual electric bill in Boston of \$26,800, but in Chattanooga only \$11,000 [for the identical electric consumption]." New England, he points out, has not obtained a single federal hydroelectric project.

Kennedy wants action in the areas where, he says, federal law permits conditions in the South which are "unfair or substandard by any criterion." He snuggles up to the Fair Deal line long enough to blame the Taft-Hartley law for crippling union organization in the South.* He is on far sounder ground when he recommends an increase in the outdated 75¢-an-hour minimum wage (which provides the wage floor in some rural Southern plants) and abolition of the device of "learners' permits," which allow even lower pay. Federal-tax amortization benefits, he says, have been "disproportionately granted to Southern plants." Federally regulated shipping rates "discriminate unfairly" against New England (although he admits that New England is badly located to exploit the big new markets of the Southeast and Southwest). And worst evil of all, in Kennedy's book, "one of the most obviously unfair inducements offered to those [industries], considering migration, is the tax-free plant built by a southern community with the proceeds

of federally-tax-exempt municipal bonds."

In addition to the minimum-wage increase, Kennedy wants social security equalized and union privileges guaranteed. He wants tax loopholes closed, and "equal consideration given to all areas in . . . tax write-offs, transportation rates and Government contracts and projects." He calls for federal help in achieving "the expansion and diversification of industry in our older areas," federal loans to new industry, and tax amortization benefits.

"Creeping Socialism." Last week President Eisenhower took a short step in John Kennedy's direction. During the 1952 campaign, as he swung through depressed Lawrence and Lowell, Mass., Ike had promised to do something about New England. His follow-through came in the form of a memo to the principal defense-procurement agencies, giving his vigorous

to New England's jobless rather than "to throw the economy of the nation out of kilter" by encouraging the expansion of industry in New England.

California's Bill Knowland, the Senate Majority Leader, rushed in on behalf of the lusty new Far Western industry, assured the Southerners that he thought a 20%-to-30% set-aside too large, and that the whole Eisenhower program was "too wide and [needed] curtailment."

The dustup promised little success for John Kennedy's crusade, since most of Kennedy's recommendations would require action by Congress. But it gave the U.S. a reminder of how fast a region can change its line once it changes its economy: Yankee New England was now openly in the lists for federal help, while the South and West, which used to yell for federal help against the East Coast octopi, now speak in the phrases of *laissez-faire*.

MANNERS & MORALS

Americana

Neither snow nor rain nor heat nor gloom of night, according to tradition (and Herodotus), can stay the couriers of the U.S. mail from the swift completion of their appointed rounds. Actually, there are often unaccountable delays, as Substitute Letter Carrier Willie Brown, 30, an unemployed Chicago machine operator, spectacularly proved on Christmas Eve. Willie took several drinks to brace himself for his work and then wove his way home with his mailbag still loaded. On arrival he jovially dumped 282 Christmas cards on the floor and directed his wife to open the envelopes and remove their contents. Even after Willie was arrested, the Jackson Park postal station could do no more than ask the 282 mailless taxpayers to come down and sort through the pile. Postal Inspector F. W. Baleiko, however, was surprised at the public outcry caused by Willie's lapse from grace. "Sometimes," he said wearily, "these substitute carriers just dump their mail in an alley and if it snows we don't find it until March."

¶ Round Rock, Texas (pop. 1,400) would probably never have had a jail if Sam Bass, the train robber, had not come to town on July 19, 1878 to hold up the Williamson County Bank. "Sam Bass," in the words of a mournful cowboy ballad, "was born in Indiana, it was his native home, and at the age of seventeen he first began to roam; he come way out to Texas a cowboy fur to be, and a kind-hearted feller you'd seldom ever see." Kind-hearted or not, Bass was laid low by the citizens of Round Rock, who had been warned by a stool pigeon of his intentions. Mortally wounded, Bass died two days later. The jail, a 14-by-16-ft. affair built of heavy timbers, was forthwith erected, since crime was obviously getting to be a problem. But after 73 years of waiting for more gunfire, Round Rock decided that Sam's visit had been a little unusual, and sold the jail to Appliance Dealer Edward Walsh Jr. (who



James F. Coyne
MASSACHUSETTS' KENNEDY
Help!

endorsement to an Office of Defense Mobilization program for stepping up defense spending in blighted areas. The plan's principal features: 1) to set aside from 20% to 30% of major defense contracts for areas of unemployment, providing that plants in the area can meet the lowest competitive bid of plants anywhere else in the U.S., and 2) to offer faster-than-normal tax write-offs for new defense plants locating in the areas of unemployment.

The President's memo did not specify any industries or any regions, but the South was certain that Ike meant New England, and Southern politicos rent the air with cries of alarm. "An invitation to corruption," Georgia's Richard Russell called it. "Creeping socialism," said Arkansas' Bill Fulbright. Georgia's Walter George, ranking Democrat on the Senate Finance Committee, declared that it would be better for the Federal Government to pay unemployment compensation

* Union organization in the South lagged before the Wagner Act was passed and after it was passed; it still lagged after Taft-Hartley replaced the Wagner Act.

wanted the timber) for \$212. Said Mayor Louis Hannan: "Nothing much ever happens here."

¶ When Kansas-born Mrs. Belle Jennings Benchley got a job as a bookkeeper in San Diego's Zoological Garden in 1925, she had nothing in mind but making a little money. She was 42, had been a housewife for 20 years, and had virtually no formal training. She liked animals, had energy and a knack for organization, and soon found herself all but running the zoo—then a struggling institution with only eleven overworked employees. In 1927 she was made director in name as well as in fact. Last week, retired after 26 years, grey-haired, 71-year-old Belle Benchley found herself a leading citizen of her city and world famous in zoological circles. In honor of her accomplishments (her zoo, with 3,579 animals, is now one of the world's best), San Diego declared a Belle Benchley Day. Eight hundred friends gathered for a testimonial dinner, and the Chamber of Commerce presented her with a trip around the world. Belle was too busy to start at once—she was still hustling around the zoo showing her successor, Dr. Charles R. Schroeder, the ropes.

OPINION

Sex or Snake Oil?

Russian-born Pitirim Alexandrovitch Sorokin, professor of sociology at Harvard since 1930, has long viewed with distress the moral laxity of the U.S., his adopted country. He is especially concerned with the national preoccupation with sex, as evidenced by the success of Mickey Spillane's detective stories ("calculated to enthrall the most brutal sex sadist") and of Dr. Alfred Kinsey's reports on sexual behavior. As a nation, Sorokin warned this week, the U.S. is in danger of going sex-crazy.

"A consuming interest in sex has so penetrated our national culture that it has been estimated we encounter some kind of sexual lure every nine minutes of our waking day," Sociologist Sorokin wrote in *This Week Magazine*. "Greece, in the third and second centuries B.C., 'brought sex out into the open' in a manner that has yet to be equalled. We know, because there were Kinseys in those days, too, men who prided themselves on their objectivity as they calmly recorded the distressing picture of whole families getting together to indulge in promiscuous behavior. Adultery, prostitution, homosexuality and even incest were so common that those who indulged were regarded merely as interesting fellas."

Stop Lights & Fireplugs. It is, said Sorokin, "downright dangerous to jump to the conclusion that an act which you have committed, or commit frequently, is all right simply because you can mention a sexual-research project that proves you've got plenty of company. In this country there are large numbers of automobile drivers who have a habitual contempt for traffic laws. They speed, forget to signal, pass stop lights and obstruct fireplugs

when they park. But their growing numbers do not make their crimes 'all right' . . . Sexual behavior, like any other kind, must be tested for rightness or wrongness by your own conscience. Will it harm your community? Your family? You yourself? Then it is wrong, and you cannot make it right by proving that 50% of the population does likewise."

No one, said Sorokin, wants to "send sex back to the barroom, the back alley and the whispered snicker . . . But neither can we afford to stand idly by while the conclusions of some well-meaning but misguided investigators are cited to justify the destruction of the moral system which has created and sustained our own free democracy!"

Statistics v. Potato Bugs. "The major misconception of our sex-centered culture is one that would be funny if it weren't so



SOCIOLOGIST SOROKIN

Beyond the fruit fly, a conscience.

nearly tragic. It is the idea that the measure of a man—or a woman—can be taken in terms of his or her sexual efficiency. It is easy to see how this concept might occur to a biologist. These scientists spend their lives studying lower forms of life—animals, insects and plants—and they quickly observed that the entire life cycle of a potato bug or a fruit fly is devoted to insuring the survival of the species. But we are not potato bugs, and you cannot take theories that look good in a zoology lab and apply them unchanged to human beings.

"We have gotten the impression that the cause of most unhappiness is a low sexual charge and that to become sexually active and skillful is a sure cure for almost anything. It is not going too far to say that a large portion of the U.S. population regards sex today with the same simple faith that their great-grandparents reserved for snake oil!"

"Well, it is time we got off it. Many

scientists are already wondering whether or not there is a connection between the shaky status of our sexual morality and the rise in the rate of crime, suicide, juvenile delinquency and insanity. Personally, I believe there is."

RACES

A Shortage of Witnesses

An hour before sunrise one day last week, Sheriff Jenkins Hill of Clarke County, Ala., drove up to a Thomasville undertaking parlor, swung open the back door of his new Chrysler, and told an attendant to get a "friend" out of the car. The attendant found the body of Moses Jones, a Negro, sprawled on the floor like "you would throw a dead hog." Stocky Sheriff Hill explained he had been forced to kill Jones, a prisoner who had "grabbed me and attempted to get my gun." There were no witnesses to confirm or refute the familiar story; there rarely are.

But there were some interesting circumstances about the death of Moses Jones. In 1932 Sheriff Hill, named as the head of a bootlegging ring, was indicted by a federal grand jury on a charge of "conspiracy to violate the Internal Revenue laws as they pertain to liquor." One of the most important witnesses against Hill was the same Moses Jones, who testified that the sheriff had tried to cut in on his small-time, independent bootlegging operation. When the trial ended with a hung jury—ten for conviction and two against—Moses Jones wasted no time in removing himself from Clarke County. He moved to Bessemer, Ala., and got a job as a construction worker. Meanwhile, the U.S. attorney prepared to try Hill again.

Indicted with Sheriff Hill were Sam Deas and Pat Rone. When word got around that one G. C. ("Doc") Allen was going to become a Government witness, Defendant Deas shot and killed Allen, admitted it in court, pleaded self-defense, and was acquitted—largely on the say-so of Sheriff Jenkins Hill, who just happened to be the only witness to Allen's killing. That made one less person to testify against Hill, whose new trial was scheduled for early this year. But Moses Jones was still alive.

One night last week, Moses Jones was arrested in Bessemer on a fugitive warrant sworn out in Sheriff Hill's Clarke County. The warrant charged that Jones owed \$154.25 to Clarke County for fines for reckless driving and bootlegging. Sheriff Hill, Bessemer police said, was to drive over to nearby Birmingham and pick Jones up. Jones's wife, knowing her husband's fear of Hill, collected enough money to pay the fines, but was unable to get Jones freed, despite frantic efforts. Sheriff Hill arrived at 2:30 a.m. and drove away with the handcuffed Jones. Mrs. Jones watched, afraid even to call out goodbye to her husband. She never saw Moses again. The undertaking attendant got his orders a few hours later, and the Government was fast running out of witnesses against Sheriff Jenkins Hill.

INTERNATIONAL

COLD WAR

The Weighing Room

On both sides of the Iron Curtain last week the atmosphere was scented with soft words and occasional gentle deeds. Russian Propagandist Ilya Ehrenburg announced that the Russians are "sick and tired of the cold war" and want to end it. Premier Georgy Malenkov beamed a velvety message to the U.S.: "With all my heart I wish the U.S. people happiness and a peaceful life . . . I believe there are no obstacles to the improvement of relations." Radio Moscow even enlivened one broadcast with the long-forbidden "decadent" music of George Gershwin.

Moscow advised Washington that it will discuss President Eisenhower's atomic pool proposal. Washington said fine. The Red Danube was suddenly opened to shipping of all countries. The U.S. prepared to withdraw two divisions from Korea (leaving eight there and in Japan), and though this was accompanied by hints that the U.S. would retaliate to the heart if the Communists resumed the Korean war, many Europeans drew their own wishful conclusions from U.S. defense budget cuts, and gossiped of a general U.S. withdrawal into something called "peripheral defense."

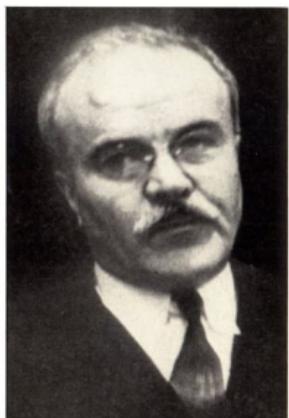
No Word for It. Something, in fact, was happening to the cold war, but no one had yet found the right word or phrase for it. Some called it an easement, others, a thaw. Many, including Prime Minister Churchill and *Pravda* editorial writers, preferred to speak of "relaxation of tension." The Italians talked of *distensione*. No phrase yet minted combines both the reality and the illusion of the moment: the reality of the new Russian regime's need to relax tension, and the Communists' manipulation of this need. Reality and illusion have a rendezvous date: Jan. 25 in Berlin. Then, the foreign ministers of Russia and the West will gather together for the first time since Paris, 1949.

It was a conference that many of Europe's people seemed to want. But their governments had assented to it without enthusiasm (even to Churchill, this was no substitute for meeting Malenkov in Moscow). It was fairly safe to predict in advance that it would produce no dramatic settlement, or even a peace treaty for Germany or Austria. Yet it was fast building into an important testing time in the cold war. In this weighing room, after four years, the Big Four will test anew the jiggling scales of world power.

Never That Easy. Last week Western diplomats were preparing "position papers" in the event Russia's Vyacheslav Molotov comes equipped with surprise proposals for unifying Germany and signing a peace treaty. But they were confident that the Russians were neither able nor willing to pay the price of losing East Germany. Western strategy, according to word in Washington and London, will be

to expose Russia's unwillingness to make a settlement, trumpet it to the world, then adjourn the conference in the hope that Europe might thereupon unite in firm purpose. But with the Russians, it has never been that easy.

The Russians, in talking about Germany, may be thinking about France. They may have been maneuvered into talking sooner than they wished, but, as London's *Economist* pointed out last week, Molotov has achieved a meeting "on the date he wants, in the place he wants and on the subjects he wants." His strategy presumably will be to work for "a combination of the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe, France, and, if possible, Britain, against Germany . . . The strategy of op-



Leonard McCombe—Life

Talking of Germany, thinking of France.

posing the Eurasian to the Atlantic idea."

Such a break in the allied front would be unthinkable if it were not for France, whose place at the conference table will be representative only of her leaderless condition. John Foster Dulles' blunt warning to France of an "agonizing reappraisal" of U.S. policy if EDC is not ratified has not had the expected effect; it has not cracked the anti-EDC forces, though it has dismayed some EDC supporters. Like the British and other West Europeans, the French are talking, too, about the possibility of a U.S. recession which would cripple all who relied too deeply on alliance with the U.S. Item: the Federation of British Industries, comparable to the U.S. National Association of Manufacturers, last week urged British industrialists to "pursue East-West trade vigorously" to build up a cushion for a possible slump in the U.S., and with Tory righteousness said that there was nothing immoral about trading with Communists.

Through Channels. In an appeal to France, Russia's biggest bargaining lever is the war in Indo-China. The French public is aching impatiently for a settlement. So far, French leaders have resisted the impulse on the ground that Ho Chi Minh has not used regular diplomatic channels or made a specific proposal. This is an open invitation for the Russians at Berlin to be specific and go through channels. At the very least, Molotov can make mischief between the U.S. and France by professing a willingness to talk about Indo-China—if only Communist China were invited to Berlin to talk too.

At weighing-in time in Berlin, France's frustration and weakness will thus be entered in the scales against the West. But heavy too are the burdens that Russia brings to Berlin: its discontented satellites, its own agricultural difficulties, its mistrusting and mistrusted leadership. In fact, with a proper awareness of Russia's own sizable handicaps, the West need not fear the reading of the scales at Berlin.

"Dear Compatriots"

The French have a practical way of changing Presidents. The President-elect, René Coty, will not start his term until Jan. 17. But he has already set up an office in the Elysée Palace (although still living in his apartment on the Quai aux Fleurs), and each day sits himself at a desk to wade through a mountain of documents to acquaint himself with the job he will hold for seven years. But since outgoing President Vincent Auriol is still in office, Coty stays out of sight at all diplomatic ceremonies so no one will be confused by double-headed protocol. Last week France's Presidents, old and new, worked together on another matter: to keep the government of Premier Joseph Laniel on its feet for the Four Power Conference at Berlin.

Tradition, but not law, requires the Premier to resign when a new President takes office. Last week it was agreed that Laniel would tender his resignation this week; that Auriol, with Coty's concurrence, would refuse the resignation and ask the Premier to continue in office; that Laniel would then go before the National Assembly and request a vote of confidence. Many embittered Deputies who would like to bring down the Laniel government might be inclined to wait, knowing that their chance will come in due time and that the next Cabinet crisis, when it happens, will probably be a blockbuster.

The presidential fireside chat is not an institution in France; but Vincent Auriol, impelled by the gravity of the hour, took to the radio last week with a few cogent words of admonition. "Dear compatriots," he said, "continuity of the Republic and the permanence of France . . . require civic concord, so my first wish is that we should reform at the earliest moment our political and social habits as well as certain institutions, that we should silence



N.Y. Daily Mirror—International
MILLION HEIRESS HUTTON & FIFTH HUSBAND
Who cares about money?

fatal passions and hatreds—those hatreds which I have sometimes had to suffer in the silence imposed by my high position, those hatreds which rend the country at the very hour when we should all be joining hands to achieve our recovery and to show our friends as well as our adversaries in the world a united strength and a resolute soul . . . After her great tragedies, the nation must in effect find herself again so as to recreate her power and avoid new tragedies . . . ”

Buzzing Flies

Savannakhet is a handsome, quiet, palm-shaded town on the banks of the broad Mekong, on the border between south-central Laos and Siam. Nearby is the big Seno airfield, which can handle B-26 bombers and C-47 transports. Last week, while the B-26s roared out with bombs and napalm, the transports unloaded supplies. Gangs of French Union troops, stripped to the waist, toiled feverishly to build log bunkers and put out mines and barbed wire.

After last fortnight's quick thrust by the Communists east from the Vietnamese coast to the Mekong River, General Henri Navarre, the French commander in Indo-China, guessed that the Reds might turn south and attack Savannakhet and Seno. But last week Communist General Vo Nguyen Giap, who directed the Communist thrust to the Mekong, was biding his time. Meanwhile, various spokesmen pointed out that the military value of the enemy operation was almost nil. Secretary Dulles pooh-poohed it in Washington; so did the Ministry of the Associated States in Paris. The fact indeed was that headlines—to the effect that Indo-China had been cut in two—had given a false impression. Yet the headlines marked a victory of another sort for the Communists: in France, the chorus of defeatist voices rose to a shout.

In Saigon, French Commissioner General Maurice Dejean, an able man who is not given to undue optimism, tartly observed: “We have the situation well in hand . . . The major difficulty of the French command in Indo-China is to come to grips with the Viet Minh. They are like a swarm of flies buzzing around a tree. If you shake the tree they fly away in all directions . . . The Viet Minh tried to win a cheap, spectacular success to compensate for their failure in the vitally important Red River delta, where they have been unable to gain any substantial advantage.” General Navarre, in a special message to his troops, said that he “fully expects” to beat the Communists and end the seven-year war in six months of hard fighting. Presumably, both hoped they would be heard in Paris.

SOCIAL NOTES

"So Tired"

When she was a teen-ager, Barbara Hutton, the five & dime store heiress, was as fat as butter, and slim, gum-chewing daughters of plain people were wont to gaze at her newspaper pictures and cry with feline contentment: “She’s got money, but look at that shape.” When pretty Barbara grew older, she reduced until her bones showed. Afterward, she was sick a lot. Between bouts in expensive hospitals she wandered wanly around Europe, wearing jewels and Paris dresses and collecting husbands (two princes, one count and Movie Actor Cary Grant) as befitting a member of international society. But none of the marriages worked.

Fate, however, had not abandoned Barbara. All this time, as it turned out last week, it had been grooming a fifth husband for her—a dark, politely feral Latin named Porfirio Rubirosa. At the time Barbara began reducing, of course, she had never heard of Rubi. He was not yet

known to the tabloids as the “Big Dame Hunter,” but was just the son of an impoverished Dominican Republic general, a personable lad who wasted energy boxing and playing soccer. Rubi had been brought up in Paris before daddy lost his *dinero*, wanted to get back to Maxim’s, and soon launched his career.

Loving. He married Flor de Oro (Flower of Gold), the wildcat daughter of Dominican Dictator Trujillo, and stayed married to her for five years. The Dictator, apparently impressed by this feat, made him a diplomat. Once established on the Continent, Rubi found ways of maintaining himself in expensive luxury. He had setbacks. The Germans threw him into a detention camp during World War II. Back in Paris in 1944 he was wounded in a mysterious street shooting. But Rubi was undismayed. He married French Actress Danielle Darrieux (a collector’s item), and capped this by marrying Doris (“Richest Girl in the World”) Duke. During that ceremony, he insolently smoked a cigarette, and afterward, in Miss Duke’s fond words, “Big Boy passed out in my arms.”

Last year, after two other members of the international set had accused him of seducing their wives, 44-year-old Rubi was at the very zenith of his career. During July, in Deauville, he met Barbara. By now, of course, she had heard of him and his accomplishments. He, of course, had heard of her and her enormous fortune. “He told me,” she explained, “that he loved me. But he doesn’t remember. He never asked me to marry him then. He just told me he loved me, but I didn’t believe him. I have loved him ever since I met him.”

Leaving. At the time, Rubi was busy. He was accompanying Hungarian Actress Zsa Zsa Gabor around Europe, like a bumblebee buzzing about a truckload of



Zsa Zsa Gabor
Who cares about Barbara?

sugar. He still seemed disturbed, as a matter of fact, when he came to the U.S. last month. He visited New York to renew his acquaintance with Barbara, but then headed west to see Zsa Zsa again. Last week he was back in New York, and as he arrived, Dominican officials in Ciudad Trujillo announced that he was going to marry Barbara.

At first Barbara acted as though she were not sure that the wonderful news was true. Rubi said nothing on his arrival, either. He looked sullen. He had reasons: behind him in Las Vegas, Zsa Zsa was shrilly announcing through Pressagent Russell Birdwell that Rubi had 1) followed her around like a schoolboy, pleading for her hand in marriage; and 2) on being refused, punched her in the eye, raising a lump on her forehead. According to Birdwell's measurements, the bump was $\frac{1}{2}$ in. long and $\frac{1}{4}$ in. wide.

The very next day Rubi and Barbara got married. First they met the clamoring press in Barbara's suite at Manhattan's Hotel Pierre. Barbara, now 41, and only recently released from Doctors Hospital, looked haggard in her black Balenciaga dress and big purple-lined hat. Her hand shook as she held a champagne glass. Rubi looked sleek, well-barbered, healthy as an acrobat, and annoyed.

When a female reporter cried, "You look lovely," Barbara said, "No," in a forlorn voice. She added that she hated to look in a mirror because "I think I'm so ugly." Tears came to her eyes. She asked her 17-year-old son Lance (son of Count Court Haugwitz-Reventlow) to hold her hand. "You would think sometimes that people would believe I'm getting married because he sees something in me, because I'm myself," she said. "But they always think it's the money. When I think of all the silly things I have done—maybe this will all be different tomorrow. Maybe he'll feel differently tomorrow, but today I'm the happiest girl in the world . . ."

Said Rubi, interrupting: "She has brought sincerity to my life."

The wedding itself, a short civil affair, was conducted in Spanish by Dominican Consul General Dr. Joaquin Salazar at his Park Avenue apartment, with Rubi's former brother-in-law, Major General Rafael Trujillo Martinez, standing by as best man. "Oh, this is impossible," said Barbara as she entered the apartment. "I feel as though someone had just hit me on the head." But after drinking a Scotch & soda, she stood up, put one arm around Rubi, and replied, "Si," when asked if she took him to be her husband. "Oh," she said afterward, "we're so tired."

Looking. Meanwhile, in Las Vegas, where she is appearing in a nightclub act at the Last Frontier Hotel, the beautiful Zsa Zsa had herself photographed holding an ice bag to her eye, and went on being difficult. "He wants me still," she crowed. "In a couple of weeks this man will be after me again." Rubi, she announced, had sent her flowers from New York and had called her on the telephone two hours after being married. "See how unhappy

they look," she trilled, holding up a newspaper picture of the wedding. "I give them six months. I love George [Sanders, her present husband], Rubi loves me, Barbara loves Rubi, but who loves Barbara?"

"Just a publicity stunt," said Rubi. "I refuse to talk about that woman," said Barbara icily. "I'm a lady."

THE MIDDLE EAST Technically Friendly Enemy

"We welcome in him an enemy in the clothing of a friend," said a Cairo newspaper. Since Egyptian energies are currently devoted not to welcoming Britons but to booting them off Egyptian soil, the welcome visitor was an exception, but an understandable one. His name: Aneurin Bevan.

With his bustling wife, Jennie Lee

side of President Naguib who, in pajamas and dressing gown, was recovering from flu. "A great man," said Bevan later. "Very charming," added Jennie, "very charming." For another hour they had an audience with Lieut. Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, Vice Premier and strongman of the military regime, who recited Egypt's argument on the Suez issue. "I merely listened," reported Bevan.

To Egyptian and foreign newsmen, who followed him like a pack of basset hounds, Bevan finally gave a press conference. How about Egypt's threat of neutralism and the cold war? Bevan was all for neutralism because it would mean "an increase in the number of footloose nations." Does he consider the U.S. an imperialist nation? "When big powers use coercion and intimidation upon other nations, like the U.S. is doing in France,"



International

THE BEVANS & EGYPT'S NAGUIB
Some practiced tail-twisters got together.

(who is a Bevanite M.P.), Nye Bevan dropped into Cairo by Comet jetliner last week for a quick look at the archaeological and political sights of Egypt. Technically, it was just a stopover—the Bevans were on their way to Egypt's old enemy, Israel, on a junket. In Cairo, the Bevans stayed with their old friend, Indian Ambassador Sardar Panikkar, the diplomat who did so much to persuade India's Nehru not to be beastly to the Communist government in Peking. Currently Panikkar is working with might and main to persuade Egypt to abandon the West and take up neutralism. So everybody concerned was quick to appreciate the official mischief that could result when such practiced twisters of the British lion's tail as Bevan, Panikkar and the Egyptians got together.

Very Charming. At the airport, an Egyptian official greeted Jennie Lee with a bouquet of pink roses. Later, for 40 minutes, the couple chatted at the bed-

said he, "she is pretty near to becoming imperialistic."

Revolution to Come. "Is Churchill imperialistic?" a reporter asked. Said Nye: "Churchill has nothing at all left but the desire to hang on." What about Russia? "They have failed to produce a happy society," said Nye. "What did they achieve? They have become as much gadget monkeys as the Americans." And what did he think of Egypt's revolution? "There's no revolution," said he firmly. "What happened was a *coup d'état* with a revolutionary façade. The revolution has still to come."

On the question that interested Egyptians most, the evacuation of 80,000 British troops from Suez, Nye treaded so skillfully that London newspapers mistakenly thought he had spoken like an English nationalist. So far as he is concerned, "Egypt has a right to resist conditions she does not like," and Bevan the Briton supports her conditions.

NEWS IN PICTURES

INDO-CHINA: ONE WAR STILL GOES ON



COMMANDO COLUMN of French and native troops, supported by bearers with mortar shells and grenades, trudges across open plains of Red River delta to attack enemy-held village.

Paul Corcuff

VIET MINH PRISONERS, some with hands tied behind backs, were driven from underground tunnels connecting Communist fortifications in the muddy delta area southwest of Hanoi.





Howard Sochurek—Life



International

VIET NAM PARATROOPERS creep forward through burned-out bamboo thickets during attack on Dienbienphu, key strong point in northern Laos. Reds had set fires to halt attackers after the surprise drop.



Howard Sochurek—Life

ARMORED PATROL of U.S.-built M-24 tanks pauses near Red River while troops up ahead probe for mines in road. Tonkinese

coolies, resting in foreground with slings of cartridge boxes, are attached to French unit as ammunition carriers for infantrymen.

FOREIGN NEWS

RUSSIA

Word from the Speakwrite

Subscribers to the government's Big Soviet Encyclopedia got in the mails last week an intriguing note of advice from the publishers. "The State Scientific Publishing House . . . recommends that pages 21, 22, 23 and 24 be removed from Volume V, as well as the portrait between pages 22 and 23. To replace these, the pages of a new text are enclosed. The above-mentioned pages should be cut out with scissors or a razor blade . . ."

The new pages included, among other things, pictures of the Bering Sea. Spot to be filled: a gap in the BER section of the encyclopedia caused by cutting out biography and portrait of Policeman Beria.

Mud in Your Eye

Now it can be told. At the huge banquet given Nov. 7 by Foreign Minister Molotov to honor the 36th anniversary of the October revolution, almost all of the Soviet bigwigs—with the exception of Malenkov himself—and hundreds of lesser wigs gathered with members of Moscow's foreign diplomatic corps. As the evening wore on and tongues loosened by vodka and champagne began to wag more freely, the Westerners were able to get a significant insight into the frictions chafing the present sons of the revolution.

Host Molotov was plainly irritated at his fellow party Presidium member, First Deputy Premier Lazar Kaganovich, who, despite repeated shushings, insisted on proposing toast after toast, while waspish Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan heckled him from the side. At one point Kaganovich, a former Ukrainian commissar, called the company's attention to "the great friendship of all peoples of the So-

viet Union," listing the Soviet states with one pointed omission. "What about the Georgians?" snapped Armenian Mikoyan, an old friend of Georgian Lavrenty Beria who had been arrested four months before. "Oh yes," said Kaganovich without enthusiasm, "the Georgians too."

When he was called on for a toast, U.S. Ambassador Charles ("Chip") Bohlen raised his glass to "justice." Soon afterward Deputy Defense Minister George Zhukov, the only Red army marshal never invited by the party leaders to lead the Red army parade, was asked for a toast. He announced that he would go along with Bohlen's toast. "What's the matter, Zhukov?" taunted Partyman Mikoyan, "can't you think up a toast of your own?" The marshal glared at Police-man Beria's friend. "I repeat," he said, "I wish to support the toast to justice."

THE PHILIPPINES

New Guy

"Magsaysay is my guy!" Filipino voters had shouted during the election campaign. Last week, grinning like a schoolboy and clasping his hands together in the traditional greeting of the prize ring, "the Guy" (as Filipinos have come to call Ramon Magsaysay) stood triumphantly in the broiling sun of Manila's waterfront park waiting to be inaugurated as the third President of the Philippines Republic. A crowd of more than 200,000 greeted him as he drove up with outgoing President Elpidio Quirino in the official black bulletproof Cadillac. The two stepped out and stood in silence as a band played the national anthem. Then, as Quirino stood back, ready to go off to his farm and retirement, the crowd surged forward in a roar of welcome to Magsaysay.



Antolin Bitanga—Philippines Herald

PRESIDENT MAGSAYSAY & SUPPORTERS ON INAUGURATION DAY
The name is Mister, not Excellency.

"Nothing Is Impossible." Dressed in his usual informal outfit—a native sport shirt and pants—swearing freely from the sun and a nagging attack of flu, Magsaysay stood cheerfully waving to friends and saluting the colors as a 40-minute long parade of helmeted Korean veterans, smartly stepping bands and lumbering Sherman tanks filed by. When the last vehicle had passed, Magsaysay waved the cops aside and the delirious crowd surged forward to engulf the presidential reviewing stand. The photographers' platform swayed like a ship at sea and two cameras fell off, a microphone stand was trampled into a pretzel. With his people breathing almost down his neck, the new President took his oath of office. From a U.S. warship in the harbor and a battery of Philippines artillery on the hill, two 21-gun salutes burst forth simultaneously. Then Magsaysay launched into his inaugural address.

The speech stressed the need for honesty, hard work and clean government, for more regard for the people, and for land reform. From many politicians the Filipinos had heard the words used as cores for resounding platitudes; from Magsaysay they came with earnestness and conviction. Cheer after cheer interrupted the speech. "I have been warned," said the new President, "that too much is expected of this administration, that our people expect the impossible. For this young and vigorous nation of ours nothing is impossible." The crowd went wild with enthusiasm, then, as if to prove his point, the new President blandly ignored the police who were busily clearing a path to his car, and stepped out into the heart of the crowd.

For long moments after that, Ramon Magsaysay all but disappeared from sight. Occasionally his head would bob up like a swimmer's over the surging sea of humanity while official loudspeakers blared: "Please, please, we don't want to mangle the new President." At last Magsaysay was lifted to the shoulders of some of his constituents while others tried to reach up and wipe the sweat from his streaming brow. When he reached his car, one sleeve of his sport shirt had been torn off. His pants were saved only by the safety pins with which he had fastened them to his undershirt.

Come One, Come All. At Malacañan Palace, the presidential residence, Magsaysay ordered the gates thrown open to all comers. Invitations for an official lunch had been issued to 50; the palace staff had prudently prepared for 200 guests; 5,000 showed up. In an atmosphere reminiscent of Andrew Jackson's inaugural at Washington in 1829, unbidden guests pressed ten deep around Magsaysay's table, watched every mouthful as it disappeared into the presidential mouth. A half dozen strangers sat down at the First Lady's table. Still others surged around a heaped buffet which in five minutes stood bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

By next morning, word had flashed through Manila that Magsaysay was keeping open house. People flocked to the palace. Whole families picnicked on the flower beds; kids shed pop bottle caps at shimmering chandeliers inside the palace; mothers nursed their babies on satin-covered furniture in the drawing rooms. Still racked with fever, the President stood by shaking hand after hand until aides whisked him off to the presidential yacht in Manila Harbor for a breath of air. Police estimated that 50,000 people had come to Malacanan Palace during the two days. Said one newsmen: "The Communist leader Taruc used to brag that if the people would follow him, he would bring them to Malacanan. It looks as though Magsaysay has done it first."

No Time for Commas. Meanwhile, the new President had begun to perform the chores of his new office with characteristic whirlwind energy—swearing in new Cabinet ministers (mostly old pals), mobilizing advisers both American and Filipino (a much higher grade of men) and firing orders like a drill sergeant.

Magsaysay got to work by 5 a.m., and told his Cabinet he expected them to work 20 hours a day when necessary. He announced that Malacanan would henceforth be known as the "official residence," not the palace; he would be called Mister, not Excellency; and he and all top officials would immediately publish a full statement of their assets. (His own: \$13,179.) He set up a "Complaints and Action Commission." He dictated an executive order that complaint telegrams may be sent for 10 centavos, or free should that be too much for a poor man to pay. He wanted to sign it right away, and when told a draft would have to be drawn up, exploded: "Dammit, the people's problems won't wait for commas!"

"Get the Carpenters." He still flaunted his U.S. connections, and brushed aside all talk of a cut in U.S. aid with the simple protest, "But we've got to fix up the Philippines. After that," he added, "we can invite people over here from Indonesia and places like that and say, 'See what our American friends have helped us to do.' Then we can show them that we're not just an American puppet."

On the presidential yacht two days after the inauguration, he wiped out the Philippines Marine Corps with one casual remark to Corps Commander Commodore José Francisco, "Commodore," he said, "I'm going to convert your marines into an engineer battalion. I want them to learn how to install irrigation pumps and pipes and go out and help people in the barrios. Let's start with San Luis, that's Taruc's home town. Let's go in there and make that a real model village."

A moment later, President Magsaysay discussed a reform he had already accomplished. "You know," he said, "Quirino had his bed stuck up on a special dais. Oh boy, the first night I slept in it, I got up to go to the washroom and almost fell off. Next morning I said, 'Get the carpenters,' and they took away the dais. What a thing—having your bed on a dais."

LUXEMBOURG

Hardy Perennial

"Luxembourg, Luxembourg, where is that on this map?" huffed France's famed statesman Aristide Briand at a diplomatic conference many years ago. "My dear Briand," suggested a young Luxembourgian named Joseph Bech, "if you will just lift up your little finger from the map you will find it." Today as huge, shaggy and



Leonard McCombe—LIPS

PREMIER BECH

Fewer ambitions, fewer competitors.

leisurely as Briand was himself, Joseph Bech, 66, is the durable dean of European statesmen. He has been a member of Luxembourg's government since 1921, her Foreign Minister since 1926, her minister for Foreign Commerce, National Defense and Wine Culture almost as long. Last week, following the death of Pierre Dupong, who succeeded him as Premier in 1937, Bech added two more to the list of jobs he already holds in Luxembourg—the Ministry of Agriculture and, once again, the Premiership.

During his years as Luxembourg's perennial spokesman abroad, Joseph Bech has been a familiar, white-manned figure in the councils of the world's great nations. It was not flattering to Europe's great powers, another diplomat once said, "that the most intelligent of her foreign ministers is the representative from Luxembourg." Bech himself, a practical conservative who deplores "plans drawn in the clouds," explains his success with a line from Tacitus, who once described a successful politician as a man neither above nor below the affairs he dealt with, but simply equal to them. "Political bagatelles don't kill me," says Joseph Bech. "In Luxembourg we can allow ourselves the luxury of governmental instability. Here there are fewer ambitions, therefore fewer competitors."

Working in close harmony through the years, Bech and Dupong raised Lux-

embourg's affairs to a high degree of stability. Their nation has had no strikes since 1919. Her unemployment seldom soars above a paltry 20 (in a population of 300,000). As Minister of Wine Culture, the job he likes the best, Connoisseur Bech himself has worked a revolution in Luxembourg's vineyards, whose products were once considered the poorest in Europe.

Forced now by the death of his old friend to run Luxembourg virtually alone, Bech's only regret is that he will have less time than ever for golf, fishing, gardening and collecting 18th century French art. "The ceremonies," he says mournfully, "the monuments, the inaugurations, the this, the that . . ."

GREAT BRITAIN

Appointment on the Rhine

Promoted to command NATO's Northern Army Group, General Sir Gerald Templer, 55, able, hard-boiled British professional who in two years of jungle fighting has mastered the Communist threat to rubber-rich Malaya. Austerely dedicated, Sandhurstman Templer found Malaya in despair, with the Red guerrillas everywhere pressing harder; his counterattack matched their ferocity, in two years reduced the average monthly toll of murders and other "incidents" from 500 to 100.

Templer will stay in Malaya until June. His successor: Sir Donald MacGillivray, 47, a Scottish diplomat whose job it will be to consolidate the peace that Templer made possible by war. Templer's new job is the top field command that Britain has to give. Under NATO Supreme Allied Commander General Alfred M. Gruenthal, he will command British, Canadian, Dutch, Belgian and Danish troops guarding the vital plains between the Baltic and the Rhine. The backbone of his command: some 80,000 men of Britain's Army of the Rhine, which includes the heaviest concentration of armor (three full divisions) in Western Europe.

Templer of Malaya is unlikely to stay long on the Rhine. He is now considered odds-on favorite to be the next Chief of the Imperial General Staff (CIGS), the No. 1 military job in the British Commonwealth.

JAPAN

Inflation

In Japan, the boom tide was receding and the nation's economy was touching its keel in the shallow waters of inflation. For three years, the war in Korea had made work for millions of Japanese, spelling the difference between profit and bankruptcy for hundreds of Japanese firms, U.S. military purchases, and spending by U.N. soldiers on leave from Korea or stationed in Japan, more than made up for the annual deficit in Japan's foreign trade. In the big cities, fishtail Cadillacs, gaudy nightclubs, air-conditioned office buildings and huge geisha parties reflected the boom.

Even three years ago, Japan's prices were high on the world market, partly be-

cause it could not buy cheap raw materials from China. Today, inflation has boosted Japan's internal prices 50%, and raised its export prices accordingly. As a result, exports are down; imports, mainly consumer goods paid for in U.S. procurement dollars, are up. And last week Japanese businessmen learned that in 1953, for the first time since 1949, U.S. spending had failed to cover the big export-import deficit.

Japan's Premier Shigeru Yoshida is well aware that U.S. spending will drop even more this year. To meet the situation he has ordered government departments to trim their budgets. But Japan's growing defense forces will make heavy demands on the treasury. So will the severe rice shortage resulting from Japan's recent floods (TIME, Oct. 12). Yoshida's 1954 budget, announced last week, totals 994.3 billion yen (\$2.76 billion), which is 32 billion yen less than actual expenditures last year. But—significantly—the new figure is 33.8 billion yen higher than the original 1953 budget estimates. Despite the urgent need to halt inflation, Japan will probably spend more money this year than last.

MOROCCO

Terrorists' Toll

One broiling hot night last August, the French overlords of Morocco deposed and exiled Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Youssef, and in his place installed sad-eyed, compliant Sultan Sidi Mohammed ben Moulay Arafah. By doing so, the French hoped to discourage any respectable support for Arab nationalism, and to gain a little peace. Since then, Morocco has seen not peace but more bloodshed. Items: a house painter tried to assassinate the new Sultan; terrorists bombed the Algiers-Casablanca Express; a Moroccan member of the French secret police was shot dead; on Christmas Eve in Casablanca's central market, a home-made terrorist bomb exploded, killing 20, wounding 26.

Last week the French Residency at Rabat tacitly acknowledged that switching Sultans had not brought peace and issued a five-month box score on the terror: 58 killed, 117 wounded, 87 arson attempts, 41 bomb attacks.

THE GOLD COAST

The Man on Trial

The booming Gold Coast, Britain's most promising experiment in African democracy, was beset with the growing pains of corruption and Communism. The corruption was home-grown.

Last week the Prime Minister himself, U.S.-educated Kwame Nkrumah, the facile Twi tribesman whom Gold Coasters revere as "The Man," was summoned before a tribunal investigating malfeasance and graft. Scandal swirled around members of his Cabinet, and Nkrumah himself was hurt by it. From all over Africa came the mutters of hostile voices: "We told you so." The Blimps saw the scandal as proof that nature never intended that

black men should govern themselves. Communists were delighted, for in the Gold Coast's troubles they saw an opportunity to discredit this best example of white colonialism peacefully surrendering sovereignty to Africans.

Brown Paper Parcel. One day last November a badly scared African wearing a flappy gown and sandals slipped into the office of the Gold Coast's white British governor. He was tiny Joseph Braimah, 37, Minister of Works in Nkrumah's Cabinet. He told the governor that by accepting gifts from local businessmen, "I have abused the trust placed in me." Incredulous, the governor advised his minister to 1) tell the police, 2) have himself examined at the local hospital. Braimah signed and last month repeated his tale

Mention of Nkrumah's name brought a gasp in the sweaty courtroom. "Did you believe this?" asked the solicitor general. "Yes," said Braimah, and accused his chief of buying a Cadillac and building a fine home on the proceeds of graft.

Nkrumah was touring the country in his Cadillac when his subordinate's charges were made. He coolly denied everything and sped back to Accra to appear before the tribunal. Nkrumah admitted that he had once accepted a bid for a road contract without consulting the Ministry of Works, but he insisted, and offered to prove, that "I have no property in any part of the Gold Coast."

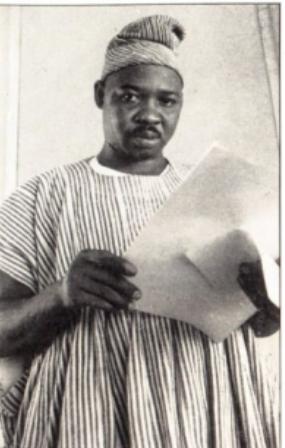
"Have you had any favors from anyone?" the solicitor general asked. Said Nkrumah: "No, nothing."

Asked where he got the money to buy his Cadillac, the Prime Minister (who turns over most of his \$9,800-a-year salary to his Convention Peoples Party) answered that he had borrowed from Yao Djin, a wealthy friend. Was the loan made before Nkrumah appointed Yao Djin managing director of the government-controlled cocoa-purchasing agency? The Prime Minister could not remember. Outside the court, his admirers had a generous explanation. "Kwame gets lots of gifts," said one Gold Coaster. "Rolleflex gave him a Rolleflex, Ronson gave him a Ronson, so maybe Cadillac gave him a Cadillac."

Jailmates. Nkrumah, who faces general elections next May, denounced the charges against him as a plot by the opposition. His own Prison Graduates, the band of West African students who shrewdly capitalized on their jail sentences from the British to win office, have split between the "Marxian Socialists," who talk grandly of a West African Union of Soviet Republics, and Nkrumah's own followers, who renounced their adolescent Marxism and now seek independence within the Commonwealth.

Leader of the Marxists is a quick-witted, toga-wearing African trade-unionist named Anthony Woode, 29. When Woode and some of his pals returned last year from a Communist conference in Vienna, carrying printing equipment and bales of Communist leaflets, British Colonial Secretary Oliver Lyttelton gave Nkrumah an urgent nudge: "If the Gold Coast becomes another Guiana, you are out." Within a month, the Gold Coast government sacked half a dozen Marxists and Nkrumah announced: "We will not exchange British for Russian masters." The Marxists have now ganged up with Nkrumah's opposition, a misnamed array of Moslem chiefs and conservative businessmen.

Yet fierce and numerous as Nkrumah's enemies are, he remains the Gold Coast's "Man of Destiny." The land is fat and sassy on booming cocoa prices; its Twi and Ewe farmers drive British cars, often bury their surplus cash in cans in the ground. The colony needs a cleanup, says the Colonial Office, but so far the British insist that Nkrumah's government can and must do the job itself.



Alfred Eisenstaedt—Life

EX-MINISTER BRAIMAH

In the car, under the cushion.

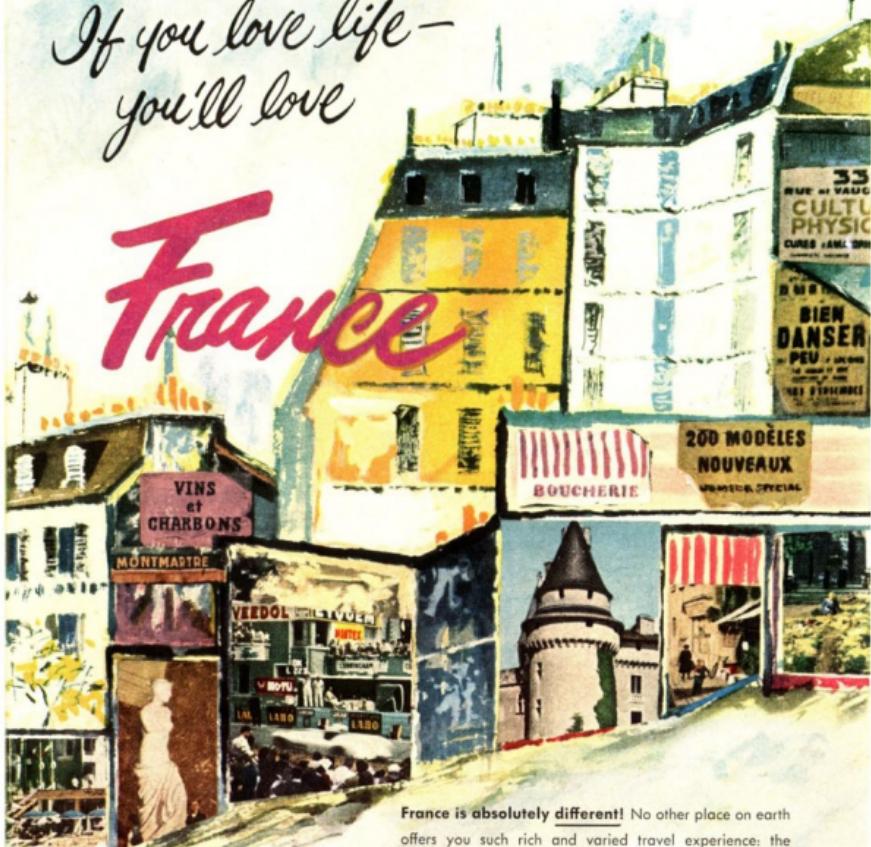
before Mr. Justice Aku Korsah, C.B.E. and an all-African tribunal.

As Braimah told it, an Armenian building contractor named Askor Kassardjian had once sought his help, as Minister of Works, to get a contract to build a college. Kassardjian got the contract, and a few days later dropped into Braimah's home to pay a social call. He left a bundle under one of the cushions, and when Braimah opened it, he found 500 one-pound notes (\$1,400). On another occasion, after a drive with Kassardjian, the minister found another £500 in a brown paper parcel in his car.

Braimah accused his own secretary of salting away thousands of dollars in graft money. Braimah also told the judges that a contractor had offered him £4,000 for a big road-building contract in the Northern Territories. The minister had agreed, but a fortnight later the contractor stormed into his office, complained bitterly: "A Greek has got the contract by paying the Prime Minister £40,000."

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France



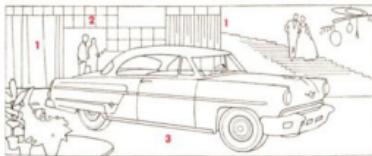
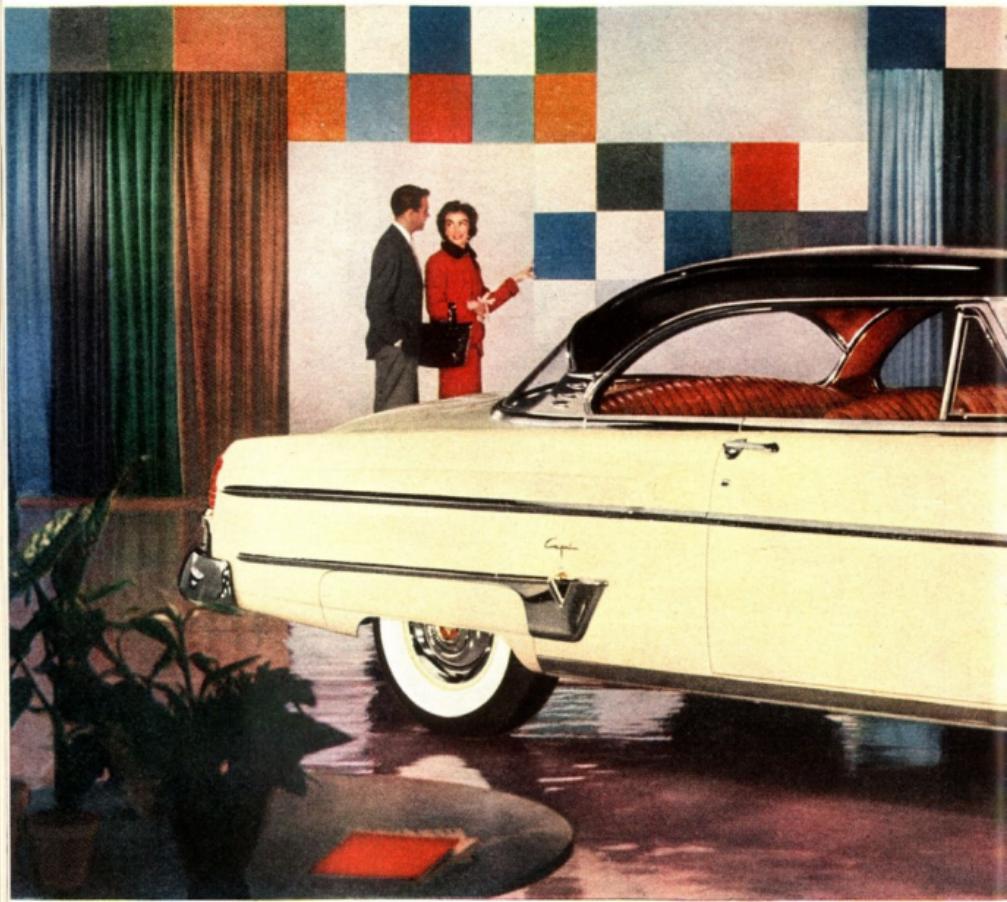
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NEWEST TREND IN MODERN LIVING



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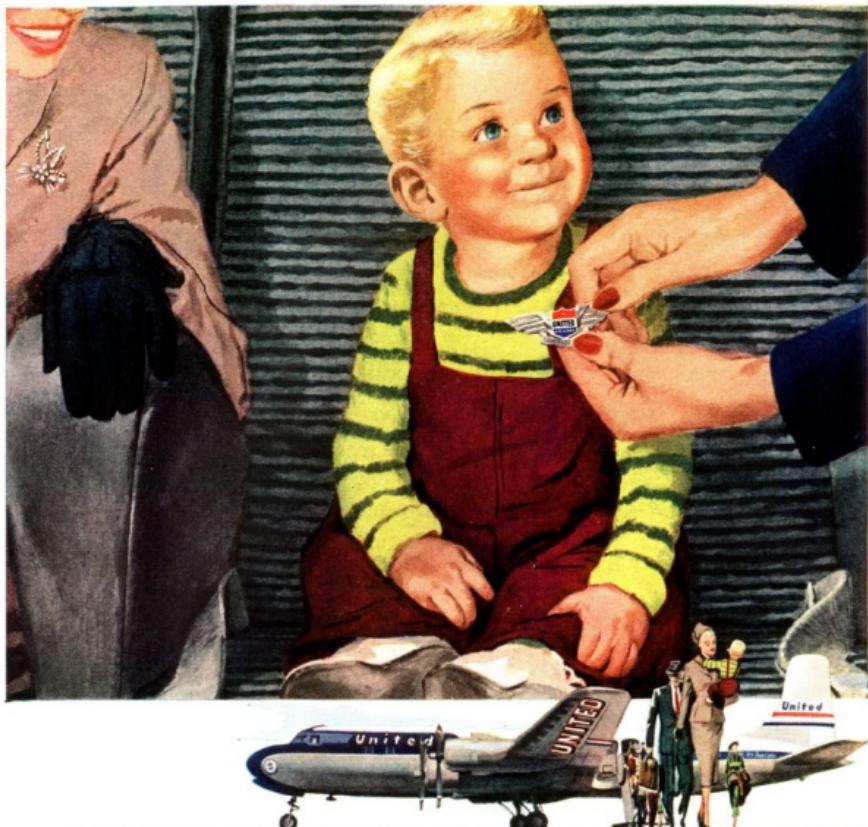
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THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

The Problem of Guatemala

Because the U.S. views Communism in Guatemala as a menace to hemisphere security, it wants the 21 American republics to take joint action against this danger at the Inter-American Conference in Caracas next March. But the U.S. is running into trouble trying to get the Latin Americans to agree to anything like a strong line against Guatemala's fellow-traveling government. It is even having difficulty finding a suitable neighbor to take the lead in presenting the case under the 1947 Rio pact provision for joint measures against "an aggression which is not an armed attack."

Like many Europeans, the Latinos are



PRESIDENT MAGLOIRE

Smiles, cigars and a five-year plan.

not nearly so roused against the dangers of world Communism as people in the U.S.; in fact, a large body of non-Communist leftist opinion holds that the U.S. is too upset about the Reds and not bothered enough about right-wing dictatorships. Latin America's powerful nationalist sentiment, moreover, tends to sympathize with Guatemala's Red-led harassment of U.S. companies.

Old Ghosts. At bottom the trouble is that any U.S. proposal for strong action against Guatemalan Communism raises the old specter of U.S. intervention, which scares the Latinos more than Communism—even after a generation of U.S. good will, loans and trade agreements. Said a pro-U.S. South American President: "Nonintervention is essential to continental solidarity." The intervention of Moscow-controlled Communism apparently does not bother them yet. Even such neighbors of Guatemala as El Salvador

and Honduras, while turning up evidences of Communist infiltration, are reluctant to step forward with accusations.

But the subject is definitely on the agenda for Caracas, as it was at Bogotá in 1948. The way of handling it is still unsettled. There is little likelihood that Guatemala will be arraigned on charges of undermining the hemisphere's security. The U.S. will press for a full debate, in the course of which Communism's growing influence in Guatemala will presumably be aired. U.S. delegates will probably also propose specific measures for controlling Communism through stricter limits on the circulation of propaganda and issuance of visas.

Vital Interests. Through some such concerted program, the State Department still hopes to convince Guatemala's President Jacobo Arbenz of the error of his fellow-traveling ways. But if the situation in Guatemala continues to deteriorate, the ultimate possibility of unilateral U.S. action cannot be ruled out. Said U.S. Ambassador John Peurifoy in Guatemala City last week: "Public opinion in the U.S. might force us to take some measures to prevent Guatemala from falling into the lap of international Communism. We cannot permit a Soviet republic to be established between Texas and the Panama Canal." Peurifoy declined to say what possible measures he had recommended to Washington, but it is a fact that Guatemala rarely has more on hand than eight days' supply of gasoline.

HAITI

Proud Anniversary

The Republic of Haiti, the second Western Hemisphere nation (after the U.S.) to gain freedom, last week jubilantly marked the 150th anniversary of its Declaration of Independence from France. U.S. Negro Contralto Marian Anderson was there to sing for the celebrations, which included a dinner for 700 local and foreign notables at the ruined palace of the fabulous Black Emperor Henri Christophe. There were speeches, dances, pageants. But the eye-popping main event was a sham battle near Cap Haitien, watched intently by President Paul E. Magloire, U.S. Senator Mike Mansfield, the U.N.'s Dr. Ralph J. Bunche and a crowd of thousands.

In the battle, Haitian army cadets, using up 10,000 blank cartridges and 2,000 heavy charges of powder, re-enacted the final victory over the French. Twice the Haitians attacked the French ramparts, rebuilt on the original spot, and twice fell back. Then a daring cadet, taking the role of the rebel Colonel Capois, mounted a horse and led them forward again. In the real battle, the horse was shot from under Capois; in simulation, the mock colonel actually shot his own mount. Falling, he charged on afoot, like Capois, brandishing his saber.

From the fort, as it had 150 years ago,

came a roll of drums to halt the fighting momentarily. The "French" commander sent out a new mount and the general's compliments on the horseman's bravery. Then the drums rolled again, the battle was resumed, the fort captured.

Crafty Emperor. The brave show recalled a brave history. In the decade before the real battle, 400,000 Haitian slaves had risen against their 40,000 French masters and beaten them in fighting so bloody that the population dropped by 150,000. The first rebel leader, an ex-slave himself, was Toussaint Louverture. To regain the colony, rich in sugar and indigo, Napoleon sent 70 ships and 40,000 men against Toussaint, and captured him. Toussaint died in prison in France. It fell to a successor, General Jean-Jacques Des-



EMPEROR DESSALINES

Blood, bayonets and a two-year battle, salines, the crafty "Tiger," to destroy the French.

At first, Dessalines made an uneasy peace, explaining privately: "If I surrender a hundred times it will be to betray them a hundred times." Later he led 50,000 black troops in a two-year battle to victory. His hatred of whites, already strong, grew violent. To make his flag, he tore out the white from a French tricolor. When he came to declare independence on Jan. 1, 1804, the illiterate Dessalines turned the task over to a patriot who declared that "to write the Act of Independence, we need the skin of a white man for parchment, his skull for an inkwell, his blood for ink, and a bayonet for a pen!" Dessalines made himself Emperor and slaughtered or exiled almost every white in Haiti.

Compassionate Empress. President Magloire, 46, Dessalines' 32nd successor, is proud to be as black as his country's



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great liberators, and like them a military man. He began his career as a cadet in the U.S. Marine-trained army, and by 1950 was a colonel and a power in the country. When President Dumarsais Estimé lost the democratic touch and headed toward dictatorship, Colonel Magloire set up a military junta and ousted him. Then by direct popular vote, he was elected President. His strong regime has brought comparative stability; he has launched a \$40 million Five Year Plan, including a small-scale TVA project in the Artibonite Valley to shore up Haiti's economy.

Magloire is no Dessalines-style fanatic; he smokes long cigars, smiles readily and gets along well with folks of any color. On the same day that he unveiled a 16-ft. statue of the Tiger last week, President Magloire significantly saw to it that his wife placed a wreath on the grave of Dessalines' Empress, who gained fame and honor of her own by sheltering in her palace some of the white colonists fleeing from the wrath of her husband's troops.

CANADA

Oil in Saskatchewan

Canada's fastest-growing town this week is the Saskatchewan farm hamlet of Smiley, 300 miles northwest of Regina. Smiley's meager population has more than tripled, from 105 to 350, in the past four months. Roomers are bedded down on cots in the corridors of the town's only hotel. New streets have been laid out, lined with tar-paper shacks and auto trailers. A third classroom will be opened this week for the winter term in the Smiley schoolhouse.

Smiley's sudden surge is the result of an oil strike last September some 2,300 ft. below the surface of the surrounding wheatfields. In a geologic layer of Viking sand, drillers for Imperial Oil Ltd. struck a pool of high-quality light oil, the best yet found in Saskatchewan. Since then, 30 producing wells have been drilled, and new ones are coming in at the rate of two a week. Some 15,400 acres of Smiley wheatland have been classified as a proven field, capable of accommodating 385 producing wells.

The Smiley discovery is the biggest event in a year of high-pressure oil exploration all over Saskatchewan. Until last year, the province had run a poor second to neighboring Alberta in oil exploration. Through most of 1953, however, while Alberta drilling dropped 3%, Saskatchewan's increased almost 100%, with some 75 Canadian and U.S. companies taking part. At year's end there were 14 established oilfields in the province, with about 450 operating wells.

Most other Saskatchewan wells yield heavy black crude, rather than the lighter, and more valuable oil produced in Alberta. The Smiley strike, yielding a 32-to-36°-gravity light oil, has given Saskatchewan oilmen reason to hope that, in quality as well as quantity, their wells may some day match Alberta's best. Oil companies have already budgeted a record \$40 million for development in 1954.

IT'S ALL A MATTER OF TASTE

"I DON'T HAVE TO SMOKE LUCKIES,"

says

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Quite frankly, I think this business of smoking cigarettes is all a matter of taste. You either enjoy a cigarette or you don't—because of its taste.

Lately I've heard a lot about why people smoke this or that brand of cigarette. Most of the reasons given sound a little silly to me. I smoke Luckies because they taste better.

That's my story. Not a very exciting one—but to me, and I hope to you, it makes a lot of sense.

Lucky Strike's Story

There are just two reasons why Luckies taste better to Robert Montgomery and many millions of other people.

First, L.S./M.F.T.—Lucky Strike means fine tobacco—fine, light, naturally mild tobacco. Next, Luckies are made better. Always round and firm to draw freely and smoke evenly.

So, Be Happy—Go Lucky. Remember, Luckies are made by The American Tobacco Company, America's leading manufacturer of cigarettes.



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LUCKIES TASTE BETTER

CLEANER,
FRESHER,
SMOOTHER!

TIME, JANUARY 11, 1954

PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Asked by Sweden's Ambassador to the U.S.S.R. to endorse a Swedish polio fund drive, philanthropic Soviet Premier **Georgy M. Malenkov** not only obliged but also kicked in with a contribution of 1 krona (19¢).

President Eisenhower approved the retirement of two federal judges who had presided over some historic trials. The jurists: Missouri's Albert L. Reeves, 80, an appointee of Warren G. Harding who sat at the trial of Kansas City Politico **Tom Pendergast** (income tax evasion) and who last November passed death sentences on the Greenlease kidnapers; New York's Vincent L. Leibell, 70, an F.D.R. appointee who last year handed a three-year perjury sentence to **William W. Remington**, former government economist who had denied Communist ties.

New Jersey's former Republican Congressman **J. Parnell Thomas**, 58, onetime head of the House Un-American Activities Committee, who served a nine-month federal penitentiary stretch in 1949-50 for padding his Congressional payroll and taking kickbacks, was homesick for the Capitol. He said that he is "thinking about the possibility" of running for Congress again. In strongly Republican Bergen County, where many onetime Thomas constituents are still convinced that J. Parnell was framed by vengeful leftists, the possibility did not seem outlandish.

After tallying the votes of some 1,000 fashion experts, the New York Dress Institute gravely announced the names of the world's best-dressed women. No. 1



Alfred Eisenstaedt—Life

MRS. WILLIAM S. PALEY
The duchess placed tenth.



Associated Press

THE CHIANGS & THE RADFORDS WITH SECRETARY ROBERTSON (LEFT)

The visitors helped the family album.

spot was taken over by **Mrs. William S. Paley**, wife of Columbia Broadcasting System's board chairman and one of the three glamorous daughters of the late great Surgeon Harvey Cushing. The **Duchess of Windsor**, who has been at or near the head of every list for the last 15 years, slipped clear down to a tie for tenth place with Musicomediene **Mary Martin**. Among the other ten best-dressers: **Mme. Henri Bonnet**, wife of France's Ambassador to the U.S.; **Princess Margaret, Oveta Culp Hobby**.

In Hollywood, where for kicks he is having a one-movie fling as an actor, Author **Mickey (Kiss Me, Deadly) Spillane** snarled that Hollywood is "too warm in the winter," most of its movies "terrible" and most of its writers "hacks, pure hacks." As for the film version of his own *I, Jury*: "I . . . walked out after the first 15 minutes. It was putrid."

In Cairo's daily *Al Misr*, Columnist Mamoud Abdel Moneim deplored the silly way Egyptian women have been acting ever since Cinemactor **Robert Taylor** hit town. Moaned Mamoud: "They have found excuses to knock at his door . . . reserve restaurant tables next to his . . . They have been observed making provocative gestures with cigarettes drooping from their lips . . . Will [Robert Taylor] think there are only eighty women in Egypt? Are there no men to keep them in check?"

On their way from Seoul to Manila for the inauguration of the Philippines' President-elect **Ramon Magsaysay** (see FOREIGN NEWS), Joint Chiefs of Staff Chairman **Arthur W. Radford** and his wife Marian, along with Assistant Secretary of State (for Far Eastern Affairs) **Walter S. Robertson**, stopped off for two days in Formosa. There, in the Taipei home of Nationalist China's **President Chiang**

Kai-shek, the visitors struck a family-album sort of pose for photographers with the Generalissimo and **Mme. Chiang**.

The U.S. Air Force's senior officer, four-star General **John K. ("Uncle Joe") Cannon**,⁹ 61, chief of the Tactical Air Command, will retire in March. The Air Force announced, after 36 years of service, 33 of them as a flyer. As commanding general of U.S. Air Forces in Europe at the close of World War II, General Cannon had already won renown as a peerless air tactician. He devised "Operation Strangle," which paralyzed Nazi rail transport in Italy, sometimes flew a fighter over his own bomber formations. As one of the Air Force's pioneer instructors, Cannon has a roster of former pupils reading like a star chart. Among them: General **Nathan F. Twining**, Air Force Chief of Staff; General **Hoyt Vandenberg**, retired Chief of Staff; General **Curtis E. LeMay**, commanding general of the Strategic Air Command.

In Miami, where both were vacationing, Vice President **Richard Nixon** and Senator **Joseph R. McCarthy** had a cordial chat over medium-rare steaks in a local bar, also adjourned to Nixon's private villa for a New Year's toast.

Arriving in Hawaii from Japan with her husband, Trumpeter **Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong**, former Show Girl Lucille Wilson Armstrong ran into trouble with Honolulu customs men who dug into her overnight bag, found a spectacles case containing crazy cigarettes. Charged with trying to smuggle marijuana, Lucille contended that the whole case was crazy because she doesn't even wear glasses.

* Who, though no kin, got his nickname early in his career from Joseph Gurney ("Uncle Joe") Cannon, strong-willed Speaker of the U.S. House of Representatives from 1903 to 1911.



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at the Waldorf-Astoria*

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In Chicago
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AND THE PALMER HOUSE

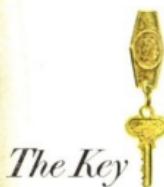
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In Dayton, Ohio
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The Key to Business Prestige

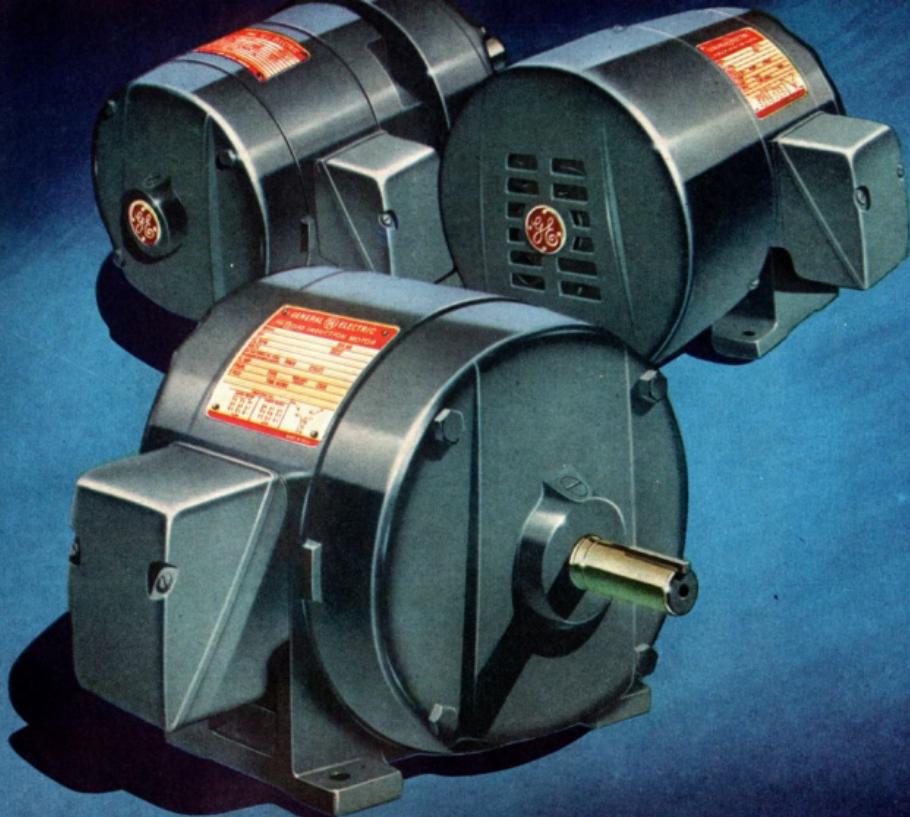
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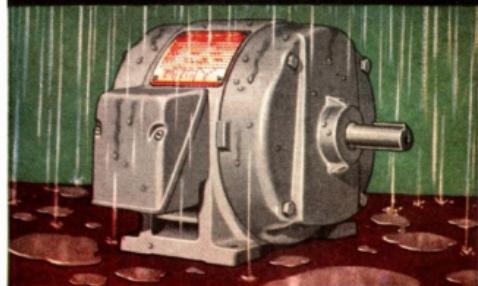
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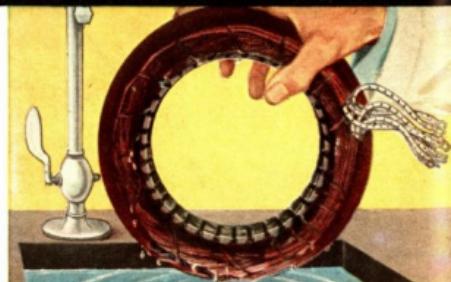
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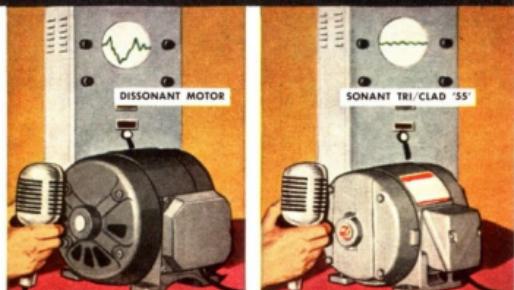
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You can get complete information on this dramatic motor achievement by writing for bulletin GEA-6013 on Tri/Clad '55' Driproof motors, GEA-6012 on Tri/Clad '55' Enclosed motors, or GEA-6027 on Tri/Clad '55' Gear-motors, or by contacting your nearby G-E Apparatus Sales Office or G-E Motor Agent, General Electric Company, Section 648-1, Schenectady 5, N. Y.

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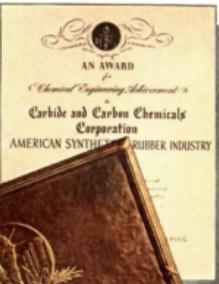


EASIER TO SERVICE, the new Tri/Clad '55' has larger conduit box diagonally split for simplified wiring. Perma-numbered leads mean that even clipped and stripped wires are instantly identified.

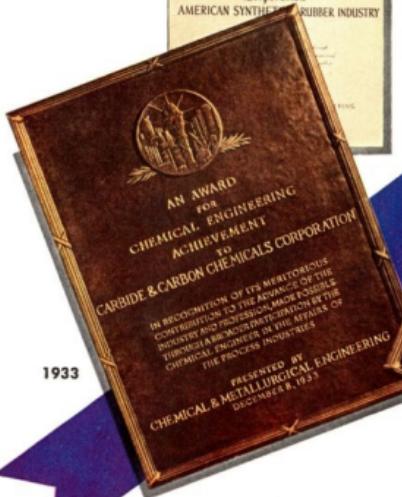
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GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

1943



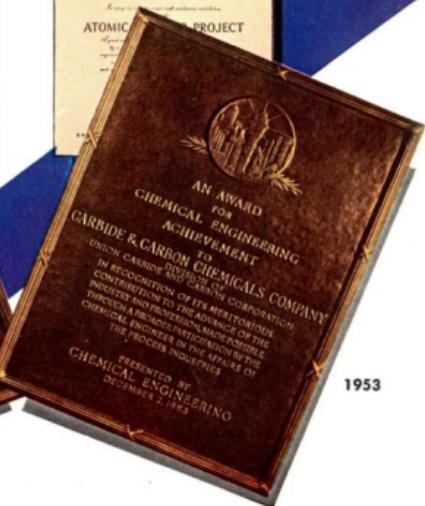
1933



1946



1953



Awards that foretell your gain

Chemicals from coal hydrogenation...

...acclaimed the 1953 Chemical Engineering Achievement!

IN 1933 Carbide received the first Chemical Engineering Achievement Award. This recognized the beginning of commercial production of much-needed chemicals from petroleum and natural gas—which proved to be the beginning of the American petrochemical industry.

HISTORY REPEATS—Now, just twenty years later, Carbide has received the 1953 Chemical Engineering Achievement Award for “the first successful production of chemicals from coal by a high pressure hydrogenation process.”

In minutes, coal becomes gases and liquids rich in needed chemicals—“one of the major contributions in this century to the well-being of us all.”

Some of these chemicals are used in making plastics, synthetic rubber, pharmaceuticals, vitamins, and many other things. Others are completely new and hold great promise.

FOURTH RECOGNITION—Carbide is the first two-time individual recipient of this award. It also is the fourth time the people of Carbide have been recognized, for they shared in two previous group awards—in 1943 for synthetic rubber, and in 1946 for atomic energy.

TRUE SIGNIFICANCE—As in all Chemical Engineering Achievement Awards, coal hydrogenation was recognized not as the accomplishment of any one individual but as the result of the cooperative efforts of many.

The people of Union Carbide appreciate the recognition of their achievement by the distinguished Committee of Award, composed of senior chemical engineering educators.

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LINDE Oxygen
NATIONAL Carbons
ACHESON Electrodes

New Perennial

Television has been digging away at the antic works of Humorist James Thurber ever since the 1949 production of *The Catbird Seat*. Last week TV served up two hour-long helpings of Thurber. The *Robert Montgomery Presents* adaptation of *The Greatest Man in the World* was almost a complete failure, but on the *Motorola TV Hour* (alt. Tues. 9:30 p.m., ABC), Director Donald Richardson struck pure gold in his version of Thurber's fairy story, *The Thirteen Clocks*, set to music by Mark Bucci.

Seldom have characters leaped as brilliantly from the printed page to TV life. Basil Rathbone hammed magnificently as



CORNELL CAPA—LIFE
HARDWICKE & RATHBONE
The worse the better.

the fiendish Duke ("We all have flaws, and mine is being wicked"). Roberta Peters as the imprisoned Princess was so appealing visually and vocally that it was hard to believe she had raced to the TV studio straight from the stage of the Metropolitan Opera, where she had sung the young shepherd role that evening in *Tannhäuser*. Baritone John Raitht confidently managed the always difficult job of making a masculine hero of Prince Charming, and top honors in the superb cast went to Sir Cedric Hardwicke as the wonder-working Golux who came by his magical power because he was the "son of a witch." There was also dimly at hand a satisfying monster called the Todál who is made of lip, looks like a blob of glue, sounds like rabbits screaming, and smells of old, unopened rooms. The Todál's job was to punish evildoers for having done less evil than they should, and he ended

the play by making a mouthful of the ineptly villainous Duke.

Donald Richardson's direction of this fragile nonsense was both light and steady. The air of intelligent good humor that pervaded the piece most likely resulted from Richardson's long association with Paul Tripp in the production of *Mr. I. Magination*, the entertaining children's show that ran for a ton short three years on CBS-TV. *The Thirteen Clocks* is almost certain to be repeated in years to come and should take its place with *Amahl and the Night Visitors* as a perennial holiday TV favorite. This week Thurber fans may get another treat on *Omnibus* (Sun. 5 p.m., CBS-TV), which is presenting Elliott Nugent in *The Remarkable Case of Mr. Bruhl*.

The Poison as Before

On the eve of regular TV telecasts in Italy, Pope Pius XII last week released a statement to all Italian bishops pointing out that television must be regarded as a mixed blessing. On the one hand, TV as a "new conquest of science" can exert a "beneficial influence in relation to the culture and popular education of the people." On the other hand, "TV programs are, in most part, made up of films and theatrical spectacles, and the number that fully satisfy Christian morality is still too small." The Pope warned that "it can only be frightening to think that, through the medium of television, it is possible to introduce into the home the same poison of materialism and hedonism that only too often appears on the screen . . ."

Program Preview

For the week starting Friday, Jan. 8. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

RADIO

Robert Q. Lewis Show (Sat. 11 a.m., CBS). With Earl Wrightson, Lois Hunt. **Metropolitan Opera** (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Tannhäuser*, with Vinay, Harshaw, London.

Let's Pretend (Sat. 2:05 p.m., CBS). Radio adaptation of *Robin Hood*.

New York Philharmonic (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). With Violinist Isaac Stern.

Philco Radio Playhouse (Wed. 9 p.m., ABC). *Hear My Heart Speak*, with Joseph Cotten, Kim Stanley.

TELEVISION

Resources for Freedom (Sun. 3 p.m., CBS). Documentary based on the report of the President's Materials Policy Committee, narrated by Ed Murrow.

The Mask (Sun. 8 p.m., ABC). New adventure series with Gary Merrill, William Prince.

Toast of the Town (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). A scene from *The Teahouse of the August Moon*, with David Wayne, John Forsythe.

Motorola TV Hour (Tues. 9:30 p.m., ABC). Arnold Moss in *The Last Days of Hitler*.

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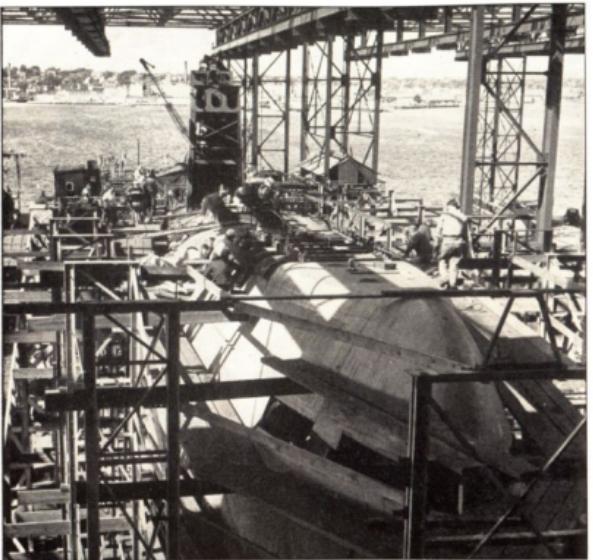
The Man in Tempo 3

(See Cover)

On a bleak Idaho desert, a wayfaring man, if wayfarers were permitted, might stumble on what looks like a scene of misplaced industrialism. A great cloud of steam rises from a pond of hot water, and near by stands a forbidding building of blank-walled concrete. It looks like a powerhouse, but no smoke comes from the six short stacks sticking out of its roof (they are emergency ventilators). The building,

desert has been "cruising" intermittently toward the North Pole.⁶ Having no bow or stern, or water to float in, it has not moved an inch, but the long, rigorous tests of its nuclear power system have been brilliantly successful. Naval designers, tacticians and strategists are aware (some with regret) that a revolution in sea power is sweeping out of Idaho.

Human Tornado. The Navymen and civilian scientists in the blank-walled building know this too, but they dare not sit back to mull over the implications of



U.S. Navy—Department of Defense
NUCLEAR SUBMARINE "NAUTILUS" ON THE WAYS AT GROTON, CONN.

The Navy will never be the same again.

nevertheless, is a powerhouse—the first nuclear powerhouse of the Atomic Age.

Inside is a strange, ungainly object: the central half of a submarine. Its afterpart stands clear and showing its skin, like a dissected whale, but its forward part is enclosed in a big tank of water. The building is filled with a rushing sound. Men come and go, consulting complicated instruments. A crew of engine-room men work inside the submarine, checking and nursing its machinery just as if it were cruising under the sea.

This is no ordinary submarine. Its fuel is uranium; its engine needs no air. Theoretically, it could cruise around the earth without coming once to the surface. It could make an attack across the Pacific without poking more than a periscope into the atmosphere. It could sail the dark and secret sea under the Arctic ice.

Since last March this ship of the Idaho

their handiwork. Too often for their peace of mind, and generally on a weekend, the chill word spreads among them that "the admiral is here." All hands tense and quicken as a slight, spare human tornado whirls through the shop. Few jobs are done fast enough or well enough to suit Admiral Hyman George Rickover, top-flight Navy engineer and leader of this strange new development program. His passage leaves a boiling wake of lacerated egos, but it also leaves a feeling, even among the lacerated, that something special has happened.

Annapolisman Rickover, a man who knows what he wants and wants it done to perfection, has long warred with the Navy—and he still loves his service. He has wooed, bullied and won the Atomic

⁶ Exact heading: northwest by $\frac{3}{4}$ north, i.e., 318° true.

Energy Commission in its secret strongholds. He has made great industrial corporations jump and like it when he cracks the whip. Some high Navy officers still deplore intense, single-minded Admiral Rickover, but when the first atomic submarine, the *Nautilus*, slides down the ways at Groton, Conn. on Jan. 21, the U.S. Navy will never be the same again.

Hyman George Rickover was born in 1900 in the small, predominantly Jewish village of Makowa, Russian Poland, where his father, Abraham Rickover, was a tailor. By 1904 father Abraham had saved 100 rubles (then \$50) and managed to reach New York. In another two years of hard work, he saved enough to send for his family. Ruchal (Rose) Rickover and her two children, Fanny, 8, and Hyman, 6, made their way across Germany, sleeping in bleak dormitories provided by German Jews. When they saw their first ships at Antwerp, the future admiral, Hyman, burst into tears. "The boats were so big," his sister recalls, "they frightened him."

Up from the East Side. The U.S. was good to the family of thankful refugees. A third child, Gitel (Augusta), was born in 1908. Two years later the Rickovers left Manhattan's seething East Side and moved to Chicago. Prosperous enough to avoid the slums, they settled in respectable Lawndale. They never went hungry again. Father Abraham always had work as a tailor. In 1919 he started a small garment factory, which he sold in 1946. Now he owns an apartment house on Chicago's North Side. Though 79 and comfortably fixed, he still plugs away as a tailor "to provide for his old age."

Hyman went to high school, but he always worked too, first as a delivery boy, later as a Western Union messenger. Though small, frail and sickly looking, he bicycled solemnly around the streets from 3 p.m. to 11, dutifully turning over his earnings to the family. Hyman was an earnest, bookish student, but his eight-hour job with Western Union did not help him get the best marks.

Young Hyman knew that his father would not pay for college. Thus tuition-free Annapolis seemed the best bet, and his friend Leonard Rosenblatt, son of a local politician, wangled appointments for both of them from Chicago's Congressman Adolph Sabath.

In Rickover's time (class of '22), life for a Jewish midshipman at Annapolis was marked by some unpleasantness. But Rickover's temperament also caused some of his troubles. Rebellious, secluded, intellectual, determined to make high marks, he did not fit the conformism of the Academy. He took little part in athletics; he preferred study to bull sessions; he did not "drag" (date).

Peacetime Navy. When Rickover graduated (in the top quarter of his class), he might have resigned from the Navy. World War I was over, and in the peacetime Navy, with no enemy in sight, the ships seemed good enough for their purpose, and the "book" contained instructions to deal with every situation. Rickover was not spectacularly successful in

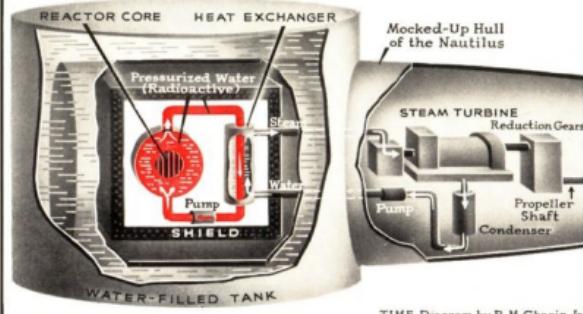
that Navy. He disdained cocktail parties and other social occasions, passed up shore leave for his books, made no effort to attract the attention of rising senior officers who might help his career.

But he did work—ferociously—when many good officers were relaxing in the interwar illusion of peace. He specialized on electrical equipment, after five years of sea duty went back to the Naval Academy for postgraduate work in electrical engineering. When on the battleship *Nevada* as a lieutenant j.g., he and his men installed a 500-unit battle telephone system. When on the submarine S-48, he redesigned its defective motors. He fought against waste and slipshod ways. These activities earned him commendation, but they won few friends and no preferment.

Rickover's real progress was made by strenuous study, partly at Columbia University, where at Navy expense he earned a master's degree in electrical engineering. At Columbia he also met Ruth D. Masters, a student of international law, whom he married in 1931. Still, his advance in the Navy was slow, and when he got his first and only seagoing command, it was the minesweeper *Finch*, a decrepit rust bucket operating in China waters. Called back to Washington from Cavite Navy Yard in the Philippines (where his hard-driving efficiency had made whole shiploads of enemies), he was assigned to the Electrical Section of the Bureau of Ships. By the time he got command of the section in 1940, the war was just ahead, and hard-working, nonsocial officers were in sudden demand.

Rickover worked day & night revamping outmoded equipment to win the battles to come. His section grew prodigiously as the Navy's ships grew fuller of electrical and electronic gear. Sharp-tongued Hyman Rickover spurred his men to exhaustion, ripped through red tape, drove contractors into rages. He went on making enemies, but by the end

NAVY'S REACTOR



TIME Diagram by R.M.Chapin,Jr.

of the war he had won the rank of captain. He had also won a reputation as a man "who gets things done."

With war's end, Rickover's prospects seemed to have dimmed, and his personal life was none too happy. The Rickover family in Chicago had never been outwardly affectionate. Violent conflicts and bitter resentments were an integral part of its life, but it was close-knit and loyal. Captain Rickover had drifted out of this clannish environment. He did not follow Jewish customs; he did not go to a synagogue; he had married a gentile. At last he wrote a letter to his parents, telling them that he no longer considered himself exclusively Jewish in religion. A later generation might not have taken this too hard; he is still earnestly religious in a nonsectarian sense. But Rickover's parents did not forgive him for many years.

Oak Ridge. In 1946, Captain Rickover, still a sharp, square peg confronted by polished, rounded holes, learned that the Bureau of Ships had decided to send a captain and four junior officers to Oak Ridge to study nuclear energy. He got the job. (No other qualified captain applied.) Nuclear physics in those days was something to scare even brilliant officers.

Since his decision to go to Oak Ridge, Rickover's life has been a battle to get the Navy and the atom together. It was a battle of a type that has been fought before—between the necessary conservatism of a military organization and the equally urgent necessity to keep it up to date.

During World War II, many new devices (e.g., radar) were adopted and developed to great refinement by the Navy. After the war, the Navy tended to settle in the just-established pattern. Rulers of the roost in the doctrine of the Navy were the carrier-borne airmen, who had fought spectacularly in the war in the Pacific. Far down in the list of the Navy's seagoing establishment were the submarines. They had played a vital part in the Pacific war, but they seemed to have little purpose against a potential enemy without much ocean commerce.

The pattern did not include the most revolutionary novelty; nuclear propulsion. It was still untried; indeed, it seemed far in the future, and the peacetime promotion system did not favor the quick rise of brilliant men with vision enough to prepare for the battles of the distant future.

Villainous Battery. Rickover had a vision. At Oak Ridge, he and his little command of four eager young officers painfully fought their way through mathematical entanglements to the strongholds where dwelt the atom. They came to the conclusion that the Navy, to remain a vital fighting force, must have nuclear propulsion, and that the logical place to apply it first was in submarines.

Rickover had graduated from the Submarine School at New London, Conn., and spent three of his seagoing years as a peacetime submarine officer. Well he knew that the "pigboats" and well he knew that hated villain, the storage battery, that each submarine carries in its belly. When a submarine dives (as it must in action), all it has for propulsion is electric motors turned by the limited energy stored in the battery.

During peacetime maneuvers, a submarine swimming deep in the sea is at peace with the world. Though a storm may be roaring overhead, the ship does not roll or pitch. But during a wartime attack, the battery is a weak resource. Even when "fat" (fully charged), it is good less than an hour at full speed.

The attack is made: the torpedoes hiss toward their victims. Then comes the bad moment. Down the white torpedo wakes race the enemy destroyers, the sharp pings of their sonars searching for the submarine. It dives for the depths, and then come the crashing depth charges.

If the submarine survives, there is a desperate, quiet cat & mouse game of search and evasion. If the submarine tries to escape at full speed, it will soon exhaust its battery. If it tries to save its battery by drifting slowly through the depths, the destroyers above may find it



From *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*

JULES VERNE'S "NAUTILUS"

Twenty thousand was just a start.

by sonar. Usually it compromises, moving at moderate speed as it twists and turns.

As the deadly game goes on, the chant of the battery man makes the crew's blood run cold. Every time he speaks, he reports a lower reading. Lights and fans are turned off to save trickles of current. The air grows hot and foul. When the battery's last charge is gone, the submarine must rise to the surface, perhaps to destruction.

A nuclear sub will be entirely different. It could swim submerged at full speed as long as desired. No destroyer could catch it. Rising quickly from the depths, it might even destroy destroyers.

Ladies' Room. The more Rickover studied the atomic submarine, the better it looked to him, but he soon found that few Navy bigwigs were even slightly interested. He had a few influential friends, but he had to fight constantly to keep a narrow foothold in the Navy's development affairs. As the postwar Navy settled down, his stock went down, too. Called back from Oak Ridge, he was reduced to vague "advisory duties" in an office that was once a ladies' room.

Having failed to interest the Navy, he tried the Atomic Energy Commission, but in 1947 the AEC was preoccupied with the urgent job of building up the nation's stockpile of atom bombs. It regarded nuclear power as a project for the future.

At last Rickover risked a step that was brash by Navy standards. After long preparatory politicking, he asked Admiral Chester Nimitz, an old submariner who was then Chief of Naval Operations, to back the atomic submarine. Nimitz saw the point at once and signed a letter (prepared by Rickover) to the Secretary of the Navy, recommending work on an atomic sub. Secretary John L. Sullivan approved the project, and Rickover became chief of the Navy's newly created Nuclear Power Division in the Bureau of Ships.

Then he renewed his attack on the AEC, which, as lord of the atomic empire, would have to take part in the project. At first, the AEC showed no official interest, but Rickover's new Navy backing took gradual effect. One of the AEC's worries was a lack of both public and congressional enthusiasm for anything nuclear except bombs. This ruled out civilian power reactors as too peaceable, but the nuclear submarine was a weapon and had a weapon's immediacy.

At last, in 1949, the AEC made a deal with the Navy, creating a Reactor Development Division headed by Dr. Lawrence R. Hafstad. At Rickover's suggestion, Hafstad agreed that the new division should include a "Naval Reactors Branch." The man in charge: Captain Rickover.

Tempo 3. This bureaucratic tour de force made Rickover boss of both the Navy and the AEC ends of his project. He could, and did, write letters to himself, answer them right off, and so get Navy-AEC "agreement" for the record. He assembled the bright young officers of his Oak Ridge days, told them not to wear uniforms, mixed them with civilian scientists. He moved them into an AEC

building called Tempo 3, on Constitution Avenue, stripped the carpets from the floors to work at wartime pressure amid wartime austerity.

Rickover's high-level wrangling operation is regarded by Washington connoisseurs as a classic, but it was not wholly admired by his Navy superiors. Captains are big men on ships, but in Washington "Navy country," where gold braid glitters like Christmas trees, they do not amount to as much. And here was a captain with power that few admirals dreamed of.

Rickover has little tolerance for mediocrity, none for stupidity. "If a man is dumb," says a Chicago friend, "Rickover thinks he ought to be dead." Rickover did not conceal his opinions, and many of the officers he regarded as dumb had grown into admirals, cruising the Pentagon. They had not forgotten or forgiven. One of



ADMIRAL NIMITZ
He saw the point.

his opponents remarked recently: "We thought we had him fixed, but now he's out of control."

Wildcat. Rickover's working schedule is hard and relentless. He arrives at Tempo 3 in miff at 8 a.m. and sets to work at top speed. The telephone rings often, but conversations are brief. "Yes," he'll snap, "Send that guy over, but I won't sign on the dotted line." He starts to hang up, then, "No, no. You hear me? No!" and the conversation is suddenly ended. Subordinates come and go in streams. Carbons of every letter are read critically by Rickover and generally scrawled with comments.

About 4 p.m., Rickover usually hurries out of Tempo 3. He is not going home, but to the airport. He flies to Schenectady, Pittsburgh or New York and holds night conferences with government contractors. Then he takes a sleeper for Washington and shows up at Tempo 3 at 8 the next morning. On weekends he sometimes gets as far as California. Somehow,

in his tightly packed schedule, he also manages to turn up occasionally for an evening at home with his wife (who holds a doctorate in international law and has written two books on the subject) and their son Robert (who at 13 designs electrical circuits of television sets).

Nautilus. By Rickover's hard-driving methods and the work of his equally hard-working staff, the nuclear submarine (named *Nautilus*[®] almost by necessity) made spectacular progress. The hull and the radical propulsion system were designed simultaneously. Most iffy item, of course, was the nuclear reactor itself.

Engineer Rickover freely concedes that the reactor of the *Nautilus* will not be the best conceivable. "Sure," he says, "the scientists can think up thousands of reactors. But the Navy wanted a nuclear submarine, and it wanted one fast. We picked a simple type of reactor that we knew a lot about already. If we'd waited for the scientists, we'd still be fooling around."

The simple reactor of the *Nautilus* is not simple by normal standards. Its official name is STR (Submarine Thermal Reactor), because the neutrons that are its "fire" are slowed down to the "thermal" speed of molecules in everyday matter. Basically, it is a "core" containing enriched uranium,[†] cooled by ordinary water that is kept by high pressure from turning into steam. The water comes out of the reactor hot and radioactive. Tightly shielded against radiation, it goes through a "heat exchanger" (a kind of boiler), where it turns a second batch of water into high-pressure steam. The steam, which is not radioactive, runs a turbine that turns the propellers.

Zirconium. The STR, designed by Argonne National Laboratory and Westinghouse Electric Corp., was a staggering exercise in pioneer engineering. One enormous problem was the material for tubes and other structural parts in the reacting core. It must resist corrosion, and it must not absorb too many neutrons. The answer was the rare metal zirconium, then a laboratory curiosity. Its metallurgy was shockingly difficult, but Rickover pushed it so hard that he called himself "Mr. Zirconium."

Pumps to circulate the high-pressure, radioactive water had to have perfection never demanded before. The shield to enclose the radioactive parts was a formidable problem. So was the control system whose function is to keep the reactor from destroying itself and the submarine.

In 1951 the prototype STR began to take shape in the desert near Arco, Idaho.

[®] The first *Nautilus*, built by Robert Fulton in 1800, was named after the paper nautilus, a mollusk that was mistakenly thought to cruise the surface of the sea with fleshy sails, and to submerge at will. Most famed *Nautilus* (named after Fulton's) was the prodigious sea raider commanded by Captain Nemo in Jules Verne's *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea*.

[†] Natural uranium from which some of the non-fissionable U-238 has been removed, leaving a larger proportion of fissionable U-235.

The designing and testing (with 50-ft. models) of the submarine itself were well along in the Bureau of Ships.

By this time the word had spread that something extraordinary was centered in Tempo 3. As confidence in Rickover grew in the Navy, a second nuclear submarine, the *Sea Wolf*, was scheduled, and General Electric was commissioned to build a different reactor for it. Named SIR (Submarine Intermediate Reactor), it will use neutrons of "intermediate" speed and molten sodium as a working fluid. It is now taking shape near Schenectady.

Time Bomb. But even though official Washington was growing enthusiastic, a time bomb was ticking under Tempo 3. Over the years the Navy has developed a kind of supreme court called selection boards to pass on promotions. The boards keep no records and need give no reasons for their decisions. Theoretically, they can be overruled, but they hardly ever are. If they "pass over" a captain, i.e., select his junior to be an admiral, there is normally no appeal.

In July 1951 Rickover was passed over by a selection board consisting, in this case, of nine admirals. This was bad for but not fatal to his career. He went on with his work. In June 1952 the keel of the *Nautilus* was laid in the yard of the Electric Boat Co., Groton, Conn. President Truman presided over the ceremonies, along with the Secretaries and Chiefs of Staff of the Army, Navy and Air Force, and the chairman of the AEC. Captain Rickover, in civilian clothes even for this occasion, kept in the background, but his work and vision had not gone unappreciated. Secretary of the Navy Dan Kimball awarded him the Legion of Merit for what he called "the most important piece of development work in the history of the Navy."

No Confidence. The very next day another selection board met to consider more captains for promotion to flag rank. It had received pleas for Rickover's promotion to rear admiral from the Secretary of the Navy, from the chairman of the AEC and from Rickover's own superiors in the Bureau of Ships. But the board passed him over for the second time.

A Navy officer who has been passed over twice for a promotion is normally scheduled to retire. He can be kept on as a special case or put to work as a retired officer, but his prestige is gone. He has suffered a vote of no confidence. Happily, the U.S. Navy does not exist in a vacuum. At news of the rejection of Rickover, both press and Congress protested the decision of the board. At last, Navy Secretary Robert Anderson and the White House took a hand.

To preserve decorum, the board was not ordered to change its decision, but the next selection board, in spite of the "twice passed-over" rule, selected Captain Rickover to be a rear admiral.*

* The story of Rickover's campaign to develop the nuclear submarine is told in detail in the book, *The Atomic Submarine and Admiral Rickover* (Holt; \$3.50) by TIME Correspondent Clay Blair Jr., to be published next week.

In spite of all the uproar, he had not spent much of his thinking time on the selection board. Too much was happening. The *Nautilus* was growing fast. So was the *Sea Wolf*. In the blank-walled building on the Idaho desert, a crucial moment was approaching. The prototype reactor was almost complete; preliminary tests had been encouraging. On March 31 the AEC announced that the reactor had "gone critical." In AEC language, this means that it was producing power.

Since then there have been few announcements of progress on STR, but its undercover success has been phenomenal. It produces more power than it was designed for. It has given little trouble and has proved compatible with the mock-up submarine that was built around it. So much has been learned by its frequent operation that the second model, which



Walter Bennett
ADMIRAL RICKOVER
The stars were late.

will actually go into the *Nautilus*, is an even better reactor.

Dominant Pigboats. There are still some skeptics in the Navy, but as the *Nautilus* approaches her launching date, a fever of excitement is spreading in naval circles. The submariners, who have long grimly called themselves "the submerged service," now look forward to a time when their new boats will be the dominant ships of the Navy. The *Nautilus* will be the first "true" submarine, wholly independent of the atmosphere.

The *Nautilus* will certainly make 25 knots, and there is good reason to hope that she will make 30 knots (35 m.p.h.). The best destroyers steam only slightly faster (when the sea is not too rough), and most other small escort vessels are sluggish by comparison. If necessary, nuclear submarines can be made faster than any surface-going vessel. Since they lose no power in piling up waves, they get more speed out of the same expenditure of energy.

Submariners believe that the *Nautilus* and its successors will eventually make the oceans unsafe for any kind of hostile enemy craft—including aircraft carriers. But the nuclear submarine, say its admirers, will not stop when it has swept the sea of all surface warcraft. It can attack other submarines, hunting them when they are on the surface or running them down in the depths (if they are not nuclear too), with its greater speed and endurance.

Missile-Launcher. Perhaps their most important mission will be as missile-launchers. There is certainly some doubt that an aircraft carrier can approach an enemy-held coast and survive concentrated attack by land-based airplanes armed with atomic bombs. The nuclear submarine can. It can cruise to the enemy coast submerged, rise to the surface briefly at night, launch its atom-armed missiles at short range and cruise away under water. It is probable that some missiles can actually be launched from beneath the surface. A missile-launcher of this type would be well-nigh undetectable.

Most such developments are far in the future, but many ambitious young officers are already getting in on the ground floor of nuclear submarining. The first big prize, command of the *Nautilus*, went to Commander Eugene P. Wilkinson, now known to his envious associates as "Captain Nemo."

Admiral Rickover is convinced that nuclear submarines will save the Navy from near-complete elimination as a fighting arm of the nation. He also believes that out of them will grow the use of nuclear power for constructive, rather than destructive, purposes.

Peaceful Payoff. At present, nuclear reactors do not seem to be practical competition for conventional sources of power. But the Idaho tests of the STR showed ways to save large sums of money in building the second model. Other savings are in prospect. Eventually, Rickover thinks, nuclear reactors will spread from the submarines and find profitable jobs on land.

Both Rickover and Dr. Hafstad of the AEC have long believed that the U.S. should speed up this development process by financing civilian power reactors to use as proving grounds. Three months ago the AEC made a quick turn-around and decided to build a really big (60,000 kw.) reactor for a land power station. It gave the job to the practiced team of Rickover and Westinghouse.

When the *Nautilus* is launched, Rickover will be on hand to see it christened. Its sponsor: Mamie Eisenhower. He will probably keep well behind the horde of political and military notables. In Rickover's mind the *Nautilus* is not perfect; he criticizes it rather than praises it, for that is his way with the things he loves. He knows how it could be made better and how future nuclear submarines will be better. His nimble brain has already run ahead to the day when atomic engines will have proved themselves in submarines and will have multiplied to change the face of the world.

Alabama's Twelfth Man

The University of Alabama's Fullback Tommy Lewis of Greenville, Ala. is a solid (6 ft. 190 lbs.), steady-looking athlete, but under his crimson jersey there burns an impulsive pride of state and university. When Tommy Lewis, 21, was taken out for a rest in the second quarter of the Cotton Bowl game with Rice last week, his Alabama was trailing by only one point. Lewis himself had scored a first-quarter touchdown for the Crimson Tide. But soon, from his seat on the bench, Tommy saw real trouble coming; far downfield, on the 5-yd. line, Rice's Halfback Dick Moegle had broken loose and was spring-legging it up the sidelines, close to the Alabama bench, toward a score.

Fullback Lewis sprang to his feet, dashed onto the field at just the right moment and brought Halfback Moegle down with a tooth-rattling tackle.

Flabbergasted officials promptly awarded a 95-yd. run to Moegle—and a touchdown to Rice. Tackler Lewis, apparently flabbergasted himself, ran back to his bench. "I kept telling myself I didn't do it," said he later, "but I knew I did. I guess I'm too full of Alabama."

The fact was that Alabama was not full enough. Slender, fleet-footed Dick Moegle got away for three long touchdown runs in all, and Rice made a fourth touchdown in the final quarter on a 75-yd. sustained drive. Alabama lost to Rice, 28-6. Fiery Fullback Lewis apologized to Rice's Moegle for his moment of aberration. Dick Moegle grinned and said, "Forget it." Tommy Lewis, who wept unashamedly in the dressing room, moaned:

"I don't think I'll ever get over it."¹⁰

¶ In the Orange Bowl at Miami, Maryland, the U.S.'s No. 1 team (minus its All-America Quarterback Bernie Faloney for most of the game), came a cropper at the hands of underdog Oklahoma, 7-0. The Sooners, the nation's top offensive rushing team, twice stopped Maryland inside their 10-yd. line and shut out the Terrapins for the first time in 51 games. ¶ In the Rose Bowl at Pasadena, Michigan State, trailing 14-7 at the half and held to a total of only 56 yds. running and passing by the aroused U.C.L.A. defense, broke loose in the second half and won going away, 28-20, for the seventh Big Ten Rose Bowl victory in the last eight years.

¶ In the Sugar Bowl at New Orleans, Georgia Tech Quarterback Pepper Rodgers threw three touchdown passes in a 42-19 rout of West Virginia.

No. 1 Amateur

Sammy Lee is a confident, stubby (5 ft. 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ in., 132 lbs.) man who felt so sure that he would qualify for the 1952 Olympics that he sent his wife to Helsinki ahead of time. Sammy not only made the team but he repeated his 1948 gold-medal triumph in the high-diving event.

Last year Major Sammy Lee, U.S.

¶ A classic precedent was the case of California Center Roy Reigels, who ran 65 yds. the wrong way in the 1929 Rose Bowl game, a boomer that cost the game. Reigels went on to captain his team the next season and became an All-American, later found that his lefthanded fame helped his business career. Reigels' advice to Lewis last week: "Laugh with 'em. That's all you've got to do . . . It's just a football game."



SAMMY LEE
Embarrassed but proud.

Army Medical Corps, was busy with other things. He was attached to the 121st Evacuation Hospital in Korea, and was so good at his medical job (ear, nose & throat) that he was called on to treat South Korean President Syngman Rhee recently. This was a professional honor Sammy enjoyed doubly, since he happens to be a Korean-American.

Last week Sammy Lee received some news that left him "a little embarrassed, but darned proud." He had won the A.A.U.'s James E. Sullivan award as the nation's No. 1 amateur athlete in 1953. Sammy was embarrassed because he was so busy being an Army medic that he never even got his feet wet in diving competition last year.

Two Babies and a Fox

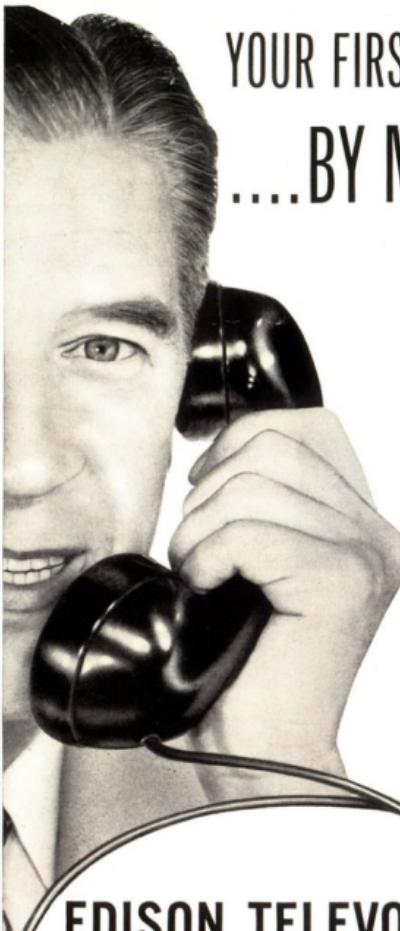
On the eve of the Davis Cup matches last week, Australia was in a tennis tizzy that made U.S. excitement over a World Series look pale. Even the impending visit of Queen Elizabeth was crowded off the front pages. Prime Minister Robert Gordon Menzies got so excited that he arrived for the Melbourne matches an hour and a half early. And one paper, the Melbourne *Argus*, felt called upon to write an open letter to Australia's two 10-year-old tennis prodigies, Lewis Hoad and Ken Rosewall, trying to take the pressure off the youngsters. Gist of the letter: "If you lose, it will not be a major tragedy in Australian history."

To bolster the youngsters' confidence, foxy Coach Harry Hopman predicted a 4-1 victory. U.S. Davis Cup Captain Billy Talbert, flanked by veteran (30) Wimbledon Champion Vic Seixas and young (23) U.S. Champion Tony Trabert, also figured the final score would be 4-1—for the U.S. As it turned out, both predictions were wrong, but canny Harry Hopman proved to be the better guesser.

After a day of play, the matches stood



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Proud but embarrassed.



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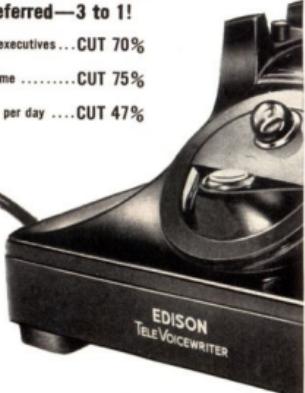
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at one-all. Hoad, who had lost to Seixas six straight times, this time beat Seixas in straight sets. Trabert provided the equalizer, also in straight sets, against Rosewall. For the all-important doubles match, the Aussie selectors broke up the Hoad-Rosewall combination and lost a match that even U.S. Captain Talbert had conceded to Australia. With their team 1-2 behind, the Aussies switched from optimism to bleak pessimism. Only twice in the 54-year history of the Davis Cup had a team managed to overcome such a deficit. Particularly embittered by the loss of the doubles, Aussie fans began calling the selection committee "the guilty men."

In the fourth match, Hoad faced Trabert on a soggy, rain-swept court. "It was," said former Australian Champion Jack Crawford afterward, "the greatest tennis I have ever seen anywhere in the world." It was a battle of slam-bang serves, whistling forehands and slashing backhands by the two hardest hitters in amateur tennis today. And when it was over, young Hoad had squared matters at two-all after a three-hour battle, 13-11, 6-3, 2-6, 3-6, 7-5.

The clincher was an anticlimax. It was up to Seixas, but Seixas was not up to it. Rosewall won in four sets, and the venerable cup was put away Down Under for the fourth straight year. Seixas implied that he would not return for another try, but Tony Trabert, who had won eight of eleven sets from the youngsters, denied rumors that he would turn pro and vowed he would be back next year. Grinning, Trabert brought a big roar from the 17,500 Aussies packed into Kooyong Stadium when he said: "I've been playing tennis since I was six, and have lost to a lot of people. But this is the first time I have lost to two babies and a fox."

Scoreboard

¶ In Arcadia, Calif., Jockey Willie Shoemaker, 22, set a record that may last as long as Babe Ruth's 60 home runs. On the last day of the season, Willie booted home his 485th winner (in 255 days of riding), beating the 1952 record of Tony DeSpirito by 95 winning rides.

¶ In New Orleans, the University of Kansas' skinny (6 ft. 1 in., 150 lbs.) Runner Wes Santez dashed the final quarter-mile lap in an astonishing 55 seconds and ran the third fastest mile ever recorded by an American: 4:04.2.

¶ The 1953 top money winner on the professional-golfing circuit was Lou Worsham, the man who sank the \$25,000, 140-yd. wedge shot in the Tam O'Shanter tournament (TIME, Aug. 17). Worsham's total: \$34,002.

¶ In Manhattan, the Duquesne basketball team, ranked second in the U.S. (after Kentucky), won the second annual Holiday Festival tournament, beating Niagara 66-61 in the finals. Other basketball-tournament results: Holy Cross defeated Louisiana State 66-56 in the Sugar Bowl; Duke dropped Navy from the list of the undefeated, 98-83, in the Dixie Classic at Raleigh, N.C.



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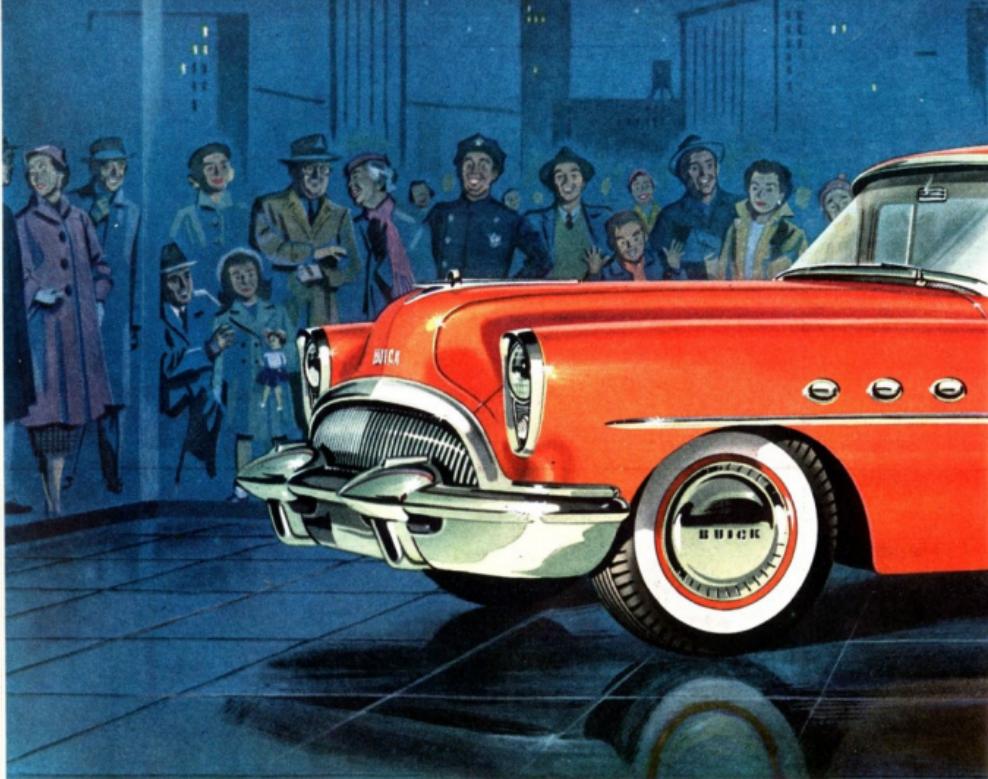
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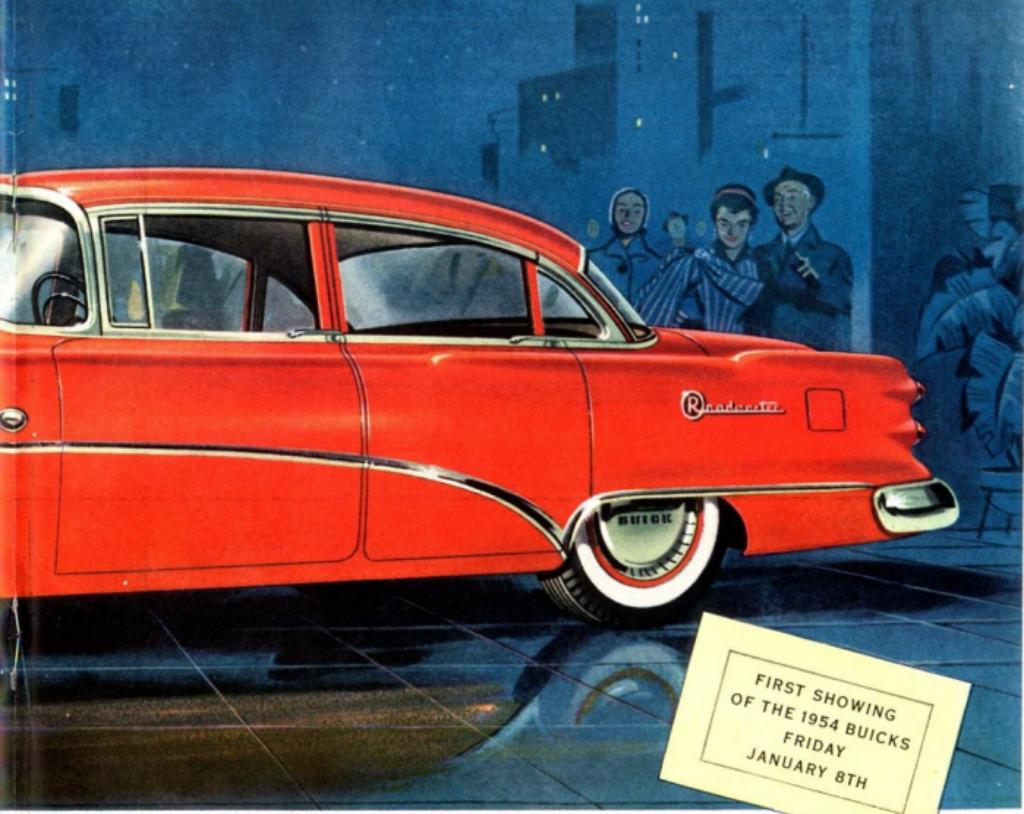
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EDUCATION

The Governor & the Schools

J. Bracken Lee, Republican governor of Utah, is a blunt, stubborn individualist with a passion for economy. He has cut off state aid to such projects as the Utah Symphony Orchestra, and has slashed the state's social-security program. He was the only governor in the nation who refused to declare a United Nations Day. He has consistently fought any increase in taxes, no matter what the need might be. But of all the stands that Lee has taken, none has stirred such storms as his attitude towards Utah's public schools.

In the past few years, Utah's schools have been showing definite signs of malnutrition. Utah ranks 37th in the U.S. in the amount spent on each pupil, and while enrollments have been rising at the rate of 5,000 a year, the number of teachers graduating from the state's teachers' colleges has been dropping at the rate of about 200 a year. Last summer, angered over their salaries, 400 teachers quit their jobs in disgust, and last fall Utah barely escaped a general teachers' strike. Even prosperous Salt Lake City has felt the pinch: its schools have been so short of funds that they had to abandon their home-study programs for blind and crippled children.

For Economy. Governor Lee has remained adamant. In 1951 he vetoed a bill to up per-classroom funds by \$300; then he vetoed another bill to up funds by \$200. Meanwhile, he appointed a committee to study school costs, but when the committee's report came in, urging bigger appropriations, he scorned it. Not until last month did he call a special session of the legislature to cope with the school crisis. It was then that the governor's troubles really began.



UTAH'S LEE
For malnutrition, a frying pan.

At the opening of the session, Lee indicated that he saw little reason for all the fuss. Though he did eventually recommend a slight increase for the schools, he seemed to have all sorts of other matters on his mind. Among other things, he wanted the legislature to provide uniform textbooks for the state, to forbid teachers to engage in politics while under contract, and to put their salary raises on a merit basis, rather than on a basis of degrees and seniority. He accused the Utah Education Association of being nothing but a pressure group, said that the state P.T.A. was nothing but its "echo." Finally, just for the sake of economy, Lee made another recommendation: that the state close Carbon Junior College in the town of Price, and that it transfer three other state-supported junior colleges to the Mormon Church.

\$200 Raise. Republicans as well as Democrats were upset by some of Lee's suggestions. Instead of setting per-classroom funds at \$4,600 as Lee wanted, the legislators slapped on an additional \$200. Over the governor's veto, they also passed a 2¢ addition to the cigarette tax, to be turned over to the schools. They postponed Lee's program for merit raises, in effect put Utah's teachers in line for a blanket salary increase of \$200. About the only victory Lee won, in fact, was on his recommendation for the four junior colleges. But last week, still besieged by the frying pan, Lee found himself in the fire.

To the citizens of Price, the closing of Carbon Junior College came as a bitter blow; they immediately set up a Save-the-College Committee, with Lee's ex-campaign manager at its head. Meanwhile, Weber County also rose up in arms when it heard that its own college, which for years it had hoped to turn into a four-year institution, was to be transferred to the Mormon Church. "I tell you," cried one Weber senator, "that my people are angry." Echoed the Friends of Weber College Committee: "Fear is in the hearts of those who spawned this plot, and our people are aroused as never before."

Last week the two colleges began collecting signatures to a petition to place the whole issue before the electorate. But whatever the outcome, one thing was certain: J. Bracken Lee's political troubles were not yet through.

Great Mouthpiece

If U.S. college presidents had ever had a union, the man at the head of it would undoubtedly have been 72-year-old Guy Everett Snavely. As a matter of fact, for the past 17 years he has been running the nearest thing to a union the presidents have—the powerful Association of American Colleges. Last week, as he announced his retirement as executive director in favor of President Theodore A. Distler of Franklin and Marshall College, Guy Snavely could, as much as anyone else, lay claim to making the A.A.C. the Great Mouthpiece of U.S. colleges.



Walter Bennett

A.A.C.'S SNAVELY
In unemployment, a new career.

Born in his grandfather's farmhouse on the battlefield of Antietam ("The battle was over, of course"), Snavely entered Johns Hopkins University at 15, eventually wound up with a Ph.D. in Romance languages. In 1937, after serving as president of Birmingham-Southern College, he took the top administrative post of A.A.C. Since then, A.A.C.'s membership has grown from 495 to over 702—and its influence has grown accordingly.

In 17 years, its various committees and commissions have formulated policy on everything from academic freedom to the effect of the draft. It has tried to stimulate interest in the fine arts by organizing 2,585 programs on campuses across the U.S. It has sponsored lectures by distinguished foreigners, has set up teacher retirement and annuity programs at scores of colleges. It has made sweeping studies of Christian education, has helped organize 26 state foundations to boost corporate giving. In 1943 it anticipated the famed Harvard Report by calling for a "core" of required liberal arts courses in the first two years of college.

Last week, as he got ready "to join the ranks of the unemployed," Guy Snavely made it clear that his championship of the liberal arts colleges was far from finished. His plan for the future: a book called *A Survey History of Christian Higher Education in the United States*.

Baffling for Britons

After more than ten years of teaching English literature at Chicago and Cornell, Critic David Daiches of Cambridge University feels sure of one thing: to a Briton, life in the English department of a U.S. university is often a trifle strange. In the *Manchester Guardian Weekly*, Daiches (rhymes with Hs) describes some of the things that baffle:

¶ The freshman English course, "which is designed to teach the effective handling of



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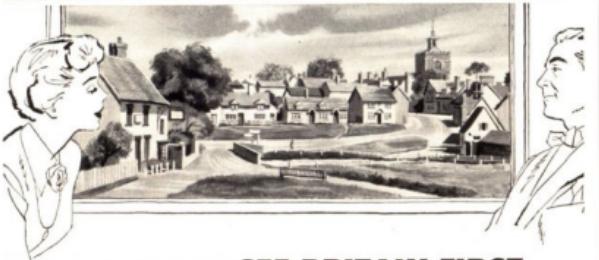
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the English language as a means of expression and communication. We would regard this as fourth and fifth form stuff, and indeed it is; but it is necessary because of the defects of American secondary education in this respect."

¶ The English major, who is "trained in analytic criticism to a greater extent than his English opposite number; but he often lacks background information, and is liable to be much weaker in his awareness of the cultural context of a literary work . . . Further, the American student is often allowed to collect his 'hours' of English courses in a quite arbitrary fashion, and may get his degree on the basis of a course in Donne, a course in Elizabethan stagecraft, a course in Yeats and Eliot, a course in Joyce, a course in the modern American novel, and some courses in 'creative writing'—having read nothing of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, or Keats . . . It is also true that, as a result of a rather scholastic training in critical methodology, he often finds himself equipped with a technique [and a vocabulary] of analysis which bears no relation at all to the reasons why he in fact enjoys works of literature . . ."

¶ Graduate students, who must "take a large number of formal courses, not only in such technical subjects as bibliography and textual criticism, but also in the authors and periods of their specialization. The dangers of premature specialization, resulting from the compulsory Ph.D. for everyone going into the academic profession, are increasingly recognized . . . Nevertheless . . . too many students proceed to their Ph.D. without having acquired a rich enough general education in their subject . . . The view that a man can be a great scholar, critic, and teacher without having produced a Ph.D. thesis has often been urged of recent years in America, but . . . it has had little or no effect in the organization of studies . . ."

All in all, says Daiches, "the glory and promise of the American system lie in willingness to experiment, a sense of the relevance of the contemporary literary scene, and eagerness to work hard. For it is true . . . that the best American students work far harder than British students; they are more eager and more naive; they will work like beavers if it will enable them in the end to know all the answers. In [England], whether out of wisdom or weariness, we have long since considered this an impossible ideal."

How to Make \$9,540

After studying replies from more than 400 U.S. colleges and universities, the National Education Association was able to tell just where the money lies. For new instructors, the highest salary ceilings are in teachers' colleges (median: \$4,530 a year); small private colleges pay the least (\$3,330). "Typical top" salaries for professors run from \$4,860 at small private campuses, to \$7,583 at state universities, to \$8,950 at municipal universities. Actually, says the N.E.A., it is better to be a head coach. Typical salary (at land-grant colleges): \$9,540.

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TIME, JANUARY 11, 1954

Safety Editorial

In the daily Lock Haven (Pa.) *Express* (circ. 7,639), Editor Rebecca Gross, 48, sounded a holiday editorial warning to drivers carefully: "Who wants to start the New Year in a hospital or a morgue?" Shortly after, Editor Gross, one of a group of U.S. editors to visit Moscow last year (TIME, April 13), and one of the first two newswomen ever to be awarded a Nieman Fellowship at Harvard, proved her own point. On New Year's Eve, according to a witness, she drove through a new stop sign, crashed into another car. At the hospital, her right leg was amputated below the knee, her left above the knee.

Tripleheader

In a recent issue, the *Saturday Evening Post* (circ. 4,583,064) ran an article on the "Ten Most Wanted" criminals in the U.S. Underneath their pictures, the *Post* told its readers: "Call the nearest office of the FBI if you see one of these men." Twenty-four times since 1950, the FBI has nabbed criminals as the result of tips from readers of newspapers and magazines that published the criminals' pictures. But last week FBI Director J. Edgar Hoover announced that the *Saturday Evening Post* had scored a tripleheader with its single article.

While the *Post* was putting its issue to press, one of the ten criminals was caught. Hastily the *Post* stopped its presses, substituted a picture of Thomas Massingale, a kidnap, for the remaining 75% of its press run. The change was worth the trouble. The day after the *Post* hit the stands, a reader tipped off the FBI that it could find Massingale in Las Vegas, N. Mex. FBImen made the arrest. Next day another *Post* reader told the FBI where it could find Sydney Martin, wanted for robbery and attempted murder. The FBI picked him up in Corpus Christi, Texas. Last week, after FBImen were alerted by a *Post* reader, they arrested Charles Johnson, wanted for robbery and assault, in Central Islip, N.Y.

Shake-up at Look

As circulation director of *Look*, able Vice President S. O. (for Samuel Oliver) Shapiro, 51, is a power. One time circulation boss of Macfadden Publications, Shapiro bubbles with ideas about how to sell *Look* and how to edit it. Last year, after Dana Tasker resigned as executive editor of *TIME* and became editorial director of *Look* (TIME, Jan. 26), President & Editor Gardner ("Mike") Cowles told *Look*'s staff that Tasker would "be the top editorial executive of the company." Tasker believes that the editorial department should be completely independent and not a satellite of the circulation department. But "Shap" Shapiro, a popular and determined "results player," could point to a slight dip in *Look*'s newsstand sales to support his contrary view.

Last week the difference gave *Look* a



CIRCULATION DIRECTOR SHAPIRO
He raised his voice.

wholesale shake-up in its top editorial staff. Since President Cowles leaned towards Shapiro's view of how *Look* should be run, Tasker abruptly resigned. Into his place went an old *Look* hand, Dan Mich, 49, who had resigned in 1950 as executive editor of *Look* to become editorial director of *McCall's* (circ. 4,525,060). Because Cowles wanted "to give Mich a free hand in selecting his assistants," *Look*'s Executive Editor William Lowe and Managing Editor Les Midgley resigned with Tasker. New Editorial Director Mich, whose salary at *Look* is close to \$50,000 a year, will have a healthy mag-



OILMAN HUNT
He built his own megaphone.

azine to work on. *Look's* 1953 advertising revenue was \$23 million, highest in its history (up from \$6,000,000 in 1946), and its new circulation guarantee is at an all-time high: 3,700,000.

Facts-Forum Facts

In the Washington bureau of the Providence morning *Journal* (circ. 45,767) and evening *Bulletin* (145,255), Bureau Chief Frederic W. Collins got a routine offer. He was invited to appear (for \$125) on a TV interview show put on by Facts Forum, a nonprofit, nonpartisan, nonpolitical educational organization. Newsman Collins made a quick check of Facts Forum, turned down the offer and wrote a story suggesting that Facts Forum is "not all it appeared to be." The *Journal-Bulletin* did not let the matter drop; they assigned Reporter Ben H. Bagdikian, 33, to a two-month investigation of Facts Forum. Last week, in a Page-One, eight-part series, Reporter Bagdikian showed that Facts Forum is less a nonpartisan educational foundation than one of the biggest private political-propaganda machines in the U.S.

The mystery man behind Facts Forum: Dallas' H. L. (or Haroldson Lafayette) Hunt, 64, who "may be the richest man in America," with an income from oil, natural gas and farmland estimated to be more than \$200,000 a day.⁹ Oilman Hunt is so shy of publicity that he is rarely photographed and his name does not even appear in *Who's Who in America*. He refused to see Reporter Bagdikian, but he did talk to him over the phone and answered some written questions. As a "non-profit national educational organization," Hunt's Facts Forum is tax exempt, and Hunt's contributions are deductible from his personal income tax. Furthermore, Facts Forum's radio-TV programs, run as a "public service," thus get more than \$1,000,000 a year in nationwide free time (it has only a few local sponsors).

The Outlook. In less than three years, reported the *Journal-Bulletin*, Hunt has built Facts Forum into an organization with 125,000 "participants," whose programs include: 1) a half-hour weekly radio-TV show, *Answers for Americans* (used on 22 TV stations and available to 360 radio stations), 2) two nationwide weekly radio broadcasts, *State of the Nation* (available to 315 stations) and Facts Forum's basic "both sides" programs (222 stations), and 3) a half-hour show TV-filmed in Washington (58 TV stations). In addition, Facts Forum's "public-opinion" polls go to 1,800 U.S. newspapers, 500 radio and TV stations and every member of Congress, while its monthly *Facts Forum News* goes to a mailing list of 60,000.

If Facts Forum were nonpartisan and educational as it claims to be, said the

⁹ Hunt, the *Journal-Bulletin* said, put up 95% of the money to start Facts Forum. Among the members of its national board: Sears, Roebuck Chairman Robert E. Wood, Cinematographer John Wayne, Texas Governor Allan Shivers, General Albert C. Wedemeyer, All-America Football Player Doak Walker.

Journal-Bulletin, there would be little reason for people to quarrel with its activities. "One of the most admirable projects a man of wealth could undertake," wrote Bagdikian, "would be the stimulation of rational debate among Americans . . .".

But the *Journal-Bulletin* found that Facts Forum is hardly nonpartisan. It is used as a political megaphone for Oilman Hunt, who "feels that the Democratic Party, except for the Dixiecrat movement, is the instrument of socialism and Communism in this country, and that the Republican Party as presently constituted displays dangerously radical tendencies." The "both sides" programs, which are supposed to present impartially different views on public issues, sometimes do just that. But often, wrote Bagdikian, they are heavily weighted towards Facts Forum's own point of view, which is compounded of "isolationism, ultraconservatism and McCarthyism." In Facts Forum's view, any Government planning at all is "collectivism . . . responsible for all of the first-rate achievements of Communism in the U.S." Critics of Facts Forum's views are often charged with "subversion, betrayal and treason."

Although Hunt denies any direct connection with Senator Joe McCarthy, the *Journal-Bulletin* found that, more often than not, "half [Facts Forum's] basic program . . . is devoted to [his] political philosophy," plugging his speeches or putting on speakers who describe McCarthy in such terms as "alongside of Paul Revere." Senator McCarthy's new wife, the former Jean Kerr, who has been his research assistant, helped set up a national Facts Forum TV program, along with Robert E. Lee. Three months ago, Lee, who is a close friend of McCarthy's and whose only communications experience is as Facts Forum's first national TV moderator, was appointed by President Eisenhower to the Federal Communications Commission. Although his appointment has not yet been confirmed by the Senate, one of Lee's first official acts was to vote in favor of granting Hunt a TV franchise in Corpus Christi, Texas.

The Polls. Facts Forum's "public-opinion polls" are no less partial than its air programs, reported the *Journal-Bulletin*. Although they are sent out to newspapers and radio stations as samples of U.S. public opinion, they are largely postcard polls of Facts Forum's own "participants" (to which only one in ten replies). Sample "yes or no" questions: "Are the pink segments of the press losing their power?" "Is Congress inadvertently abdicating its constitutional power?" "Did pro-Communists in the U.S. bring about the Korean war?" Since most newspapers and radio and TV stations pay little attention to the polls, Facts Forum tells its members: "Some newspapers may not consider [them] news. They will know of your interest if you call or write them for results."

The public-opinion poll, says Reporter Bagdikian, is not a cross-section poll but merely what Facts Forum calls a device for exerting a "powerful psychological force for good" on news organs and

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To some observers, the presentation recalled another occasion in the White House, early in 1898. In that eventful year, Automatic Electric installed an automatic telephone system, with a switchboard in the White House, and telephones like the one shown here. Automatic telephones were selected to provide President McKinley and his staff, the secrecy and speed of communication which no other system could offer.

"Firsts" such as this have consistently highlighted the history of Automatic Electric. They come as a natural result of the spirit of pioneering which has guided Automatic through more than 60 years of providing the finest equipment and the most advanced engineering to the telephone industry. Proof of the soundness of both equipment and engineering is seen in the success of hundreds of telephone companies who are using Automatic Electric central office equipment.

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members of Congress. Facts Forum has another device for getting space in newspapers; it pays for letters to the editor. The *Journal-Bulletin* found that Facts Forum handed out \$3,630 for published letters that expressed "isolationist or anti-U.N. or pro-McCarthy" views, while it paid only \$439 for letters representing opposing views.

For members who are uncertain of answers to "loyalty questions," Facts Forum recommends the word of such authorities as the Rev. Dr. Carl McIntire, President of the fundamentalist International Council of Christian Churches, who has accused the National Council of Churches, which embraces most Protestant denominations, of pro-Communism. He has also called the U.S. Roman Catholic Church a "spy system . . . committed to a foreign power."

Facts Forum has used its platform as well as its own "free circulating library," reported Bagdikian, for "known race-hate agitators." One of the original library books, withdrawn after protests, was *We Must Abolish the United States*, by Joseph Kamp ("I pull no punches in exposing the Jewish Gestapo or any Jew who happens to be a Jew"). Kamp was jailed for contempt of Congress after refusing to reveal the backers of his Constitutional Educational League. Bagdikian also set forth that Facts Forum tells its members how to get on the mailing list of such organizations as Merwin K. Hart's National Economic Council, described by the Buchanan Lobbying Committee of the 81st Congress as a group that attempts "to disparage those who oppose its objectives by appeals to religious prejudice, often an ill-concealed anti-Semitism." In Manhattan, where a Forum unit was formed, the first meeting was addressed by Allen Zoll, whose American Patriots, Inc. was listed by the Attorney General as a "Fascist" organization. Zoll, said the *Journal-Bulletin*, charged that the U.N. is "a device to permit the colored races to rule the white races [and that] UNESCO is an alien conspiracy to teach sex delinquency to American schoolchildren."

The Net Effect. Facts Forum's Angel Hunt, who lives in a house that is a reproduction of George Washington's Mount Vernon home (but five times bigger), refused to tell Reporter Bagdikian what Facts Forum's annual budget is, claimed it has "strict rules against carrying on propaganda or attempting to influence legislation," and therefore deserved its tax exemption and free radio-TV time. But Reporter Bagdikian vigorously disagreed, said that the "operations of Facts Forum have often exhibited a spirit which is the opposite of free debate in good faith." Concluded Bagdikian: "[The] net effect [of Facts Forum] is to disseminate fear, suspicion and divisive propaganda . . . The results of this, if carried into the entire field of mass communications, could be to increase the pressures dividing segments of American society, to increase group hatreds and implant suspicions which did not exist before."

Big-Band Jazz

Through the dim and smoky atmosphere of the Manhattan jazz den called Birdland came some old and familiar piano tones. The holiday crowd quieted and the music took over, its tones pure and glassy, its melody suggested almost as much as stated, its long moments of silence as pregnant as the notes themselves. William "Count" Basie, the man who was as instrumental as Benny Goodman in popularizing swing, was back on the bandstand again, jumping high and handsome as ever.

Each number, whether a melancholy *Bunny or Plymouth Rock* or a driving version of *Lulu's Back in Town*, bore the basic Basie imprint. After the Count



Gene Pyle

BANDEADER BASIE
A mink coat on the head.

played a phrase or two on the piano, the rhythm section began to boost the beat while cymbals sizzled in the background. Five saxophones took up the melody, sweetly and a bit hoarsely, and then seven brasses began to clip into it with cross rhythms. Suddenly the snare drum cut loose with the effect of a burp gun, and the whole band leaped into ear-crushing chords and rammed home the climax.

At 47, Bandleader Basie sees new hope for such big outfits as his own 16-piece band. Like other jazzmen of the late '30s, he was forced to cut back in the mid '40s, toured for four years with a small combo. "People were trying to decide whether they were going to like bop," he says. "Nobody was thinking of dancing. Big bands had no place to work."

But soon the musical extravaganzas of bop began to wear thin. Some of its innovations, e.g., more advanced harmonies and trickier rhythms, were absorbed into the jazz idiom as a whole. Big-band music

began to appear more often on records. Basie collected a new full-size outfit 16 months ago, bounced back with a reputation as the swingingest band in the land.

"Our old book was full of 'head' arrangements," Basie says. "I'd start out and the rest would come in when they felt like it. The saxes would get together and set a riff. We used to run into some wonderful things and remember them."

Nowadays the Count's crew has most of its riffs written out for it. Nevertheless, old favorites such as *One O'Clock Jump* sound pretty much the way they used to. All he had to do to bring them up to post-bop fashion, says the Count, was "to put mink coats on the chords."

Louisville Begins

Chief condition for a composer's success: he must be dead.

Last spring, the Rockefeller Foundation decided to take some of the teeth out of this old composers' maxim, and began by bestowing a \$400,000 grant on the Louisville Orchestra to enlarge that orchestra's program for commissioning and performing new works. One afternoon last week, while a goody portion of the upper-middlebrow musical world waited for news of the proceedings, Louisville launched the new series.

The first work was *Notturno*, by Austria-born Ernst Toch, who now lives in California. It turned out to be a modest idyll that the 66-year-old composer describes as "visions of the night." Its strings and woodwinds sang sweetly, the orchestra played it well, and the small (about 200) crowd thought it was a fitting beginning for the series.

Conductor Robert Whitney was happy to start the project quietly; his load will grow in the next four years. This week he will repeat the Toch *Notturno* and add *Sinfonietta Flamenca* by Spain's Carlos Surinach. Next week he will repeat both and add *Rhapsody for Orchestra* by the University of Louisville's twelve-tone Composer George Perle. The following week he will repeat all three and add a new student work. After four performances, each work will be dropped and another new one substituted.

At the end of the first year, the orchestra will have performed 28 orchestral commissions (at \$1,200 each), two one-act operas (at \$2,000) and ten student-award pieces. Most of them, recorded by Columbia, will be sold on subscription, and tapes will be distributed to colleges, thus assuring each work as broad a hearing as any composer could hope for.

The Rockefeller program is a giant step for the Louisville Orchestra—from five major performances and two school programs a year to a year-round operation. Musicians who were earning up to \$1,000 a season will now earn up to \$3,500 for their orchestra work alone. Since many of them take their parts home to study, they will earn every penny of it.

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MEREDITH PUBLISHING COMPANY, Des Moines, Iowa

ART

Sir Jacob

For most of his creative lifetime, Sculptor Jacob Epstein has been outraging public commentators on good taste and good morals with his lumpish, aggressively individualistic statuary. G. K. Chesterton denounced his *Ecc Homo* as an "insult"; the London *Times* called his *Genesis* "repellent." Such criticism has convinced Epstein that he is a persecuted, misunderstood genius, denied the recognition due to one of the world's greatest living sculptors. Last week an accolade came to Epstein which should convince him that the world now acknowledges him both as an artist and as a public figure of standing and respect. In a New Year's Honors List which also included a barony

stored it in a warehouse in The Bronx, and there Sacramenia's monastery languished, one of the most monumental white elephants in art history.

Last week, thanks to the enterprise of two bustling Ohio businessmen, the monastery was finally put together on U.S. soil. In North Miami Beach, Fla., workers fitted the last of the 35,000 stones in place, and the two businessmen, E. Raymond Moss and William S. Edgemon of Cincinnati, got ready to open the monastery to sightseers. Moss and Edgemon had bought the stones at a bargain after Hearst's death in 1951, and packed them off to Florida. In the summer of 1952, a small army of architects, masons and other workmen started the laborious job of unpacking and reassembling the stones



Allan Gould—Graphic House

HEARST MONASTERY IN NORTH MIAMI BEACH
Besides the wishing well, a loudspeaker in a tree.

for longtime Cabinet Minister Leslie Hore-Belisha and knighthoods for 84-year-old Comedian George Robey and ex-Foreign Office News Chief William Ridsdale. Queen Elizabeth II made Epstein a Knight Commander Order of the British Empire. From now on Jacob Epstein, born 73 years ago on Manhattan's lower East Side, a British subject since before World War I, will be Sir Jacob.

Jigsaw Puzzle

One of the biggest and most expensive items in the vast art collection of the late William Randolph Hearst was a complete 12th century Spanish monastery that once stood in Sacramenia, a village near Segovia. In his imperious way, Hearst bought the monastery, had it dismantled stone by stone, and shipped (in 35,000 pieces weighing 2,500 tons) to the U.S. It cost Hearst more than half a million dollars and ten years of effort to get his treasure home. By that time, even Hearst was reluctant to spend the additional sum it would cost to rebuild the monastery on his San Simeon estate. Instead, he

on a 20-acre site just outside Miami. They worked from charts prepared by Hearst's dismantlers in Sacramenia; each stone bore a number corresponding to a position on the charts. The master mason who supervised the job called it "the greatest jigsaw puzzle in history."

In its new setting the monastery looks much as it did when it was first built by order of King Alfonso VII in 1141—a low structure of age-mellowed limestone with a cloistered courtyard. Inside are three fine statues—of Christ, Alfonso VII and Alfonso VIII—taken from the original monastery in Sacramenia. Moss and Edgemon hope that enough tourists will pay admissions (probably \$1.85 a head) to return them their investment and a long-term profit. Just to make sure, they have also added a few nonmonastic touches: a wishing well in the courtyard, piped music broadcast from a loudspeaker concealed in a tree. And even before the restored monastery was officially opened, several prospective brides had asked to be married in the chapter house of the

Expatriates in Chicago

CHICAGO, business capital of the Midwest, is each year becoming more of a cultural center as well. Next week the Chicago Art Institute will stage a show unrivaled among the new year's exhibitions for size and sophistication: 120 pictures by three extraordinary American expatriates—John Singer Sargent, Mary Cassatt and James McNeill Whistler. All three made their fame in the Victorian and Edwardian eras; after their deaths, the reputations of all three declined. Perhaps because they were restless folk, who elected to live abroad, none of the three ever quite matched the greatness of their deep-rooted contemporaries, Winslow Homer and Thomas Eakins. But Chicago's show should do much to restore them to their proper places in the ranks of American artists.

James McNeill Whistler's monogram was a butterfly, which appears in medallion form in his portrait of Thomas Carlyle (see spread). In his landscapes, Whistler was a butterfly, gently sipping the sweetness of nature and making it the subject of canvases so subtle and thinly brushed as to seem evanescent. He lived in London, made his mission "revealing the Thames to the people who lived on it but had previously only seen it as a stretch of water."

In his life, Whistler was part scorpion (and sometimes attached a scorpion's tail to the butterfly in his monogram), a terror of the drawing rooms. He had a bit of a beard beneath his lower lip, which he used to tug at for inspiration when cornered. Then he would open his mouth and paralyze the opposition with a quip. When Critic John Ruskin dared criticize Whistler's paintings too harshly, the devilish dandy sued him for libel. Among the evidence presented at the trial was Whistler's *Battersea Bridge* (opposite). Looking at it, the judge made the mistake of using sarcasm—Whistler's favorite weapon. The following dialogue took place:

His Honor: "Are those figures on the top of the bridge intended for people?"

Whistler: "They are just what you like."

His Honor: "That is a barge beneath?"

Whistler: "Yes. I am very much flattened at your seeing that . . ."

In the end, Whistler won his case, but the judge awarded him damages of just one farthing and, by making him pay the court costs, helped force the painter into bankruptcy.

John Singer Sargent, standing at the easel in his studio on London's Tite Street, used to mutter, "Gainsborough would have done it!" But in his heart he knew he was no Gainsborough. What Sargent had in abundance was a capacity for flattering his sitters in paint, and naturally she flocked to him. He complained that "portrait painting is a pimp's profession," and late in life he swore off it. "No more *paughtraits*," he wrote triumphantly to a friend. "I abhor and



Tate Gallery, London

WHISTLER painted "Old Battersea Bridge: Nocturne in Blue and Gold" in a day. Full of dreamy romanticism, it was described by the artist as "simply a representation of moonlight."

MARY CASSATT'S "A Cup of Tea" is eminently Victorian, right down to the ornate fireplace and the young girl's long gloves. The style shows Cassatt's impressionist leanings.

Mme. Philippe Cruse, Paris

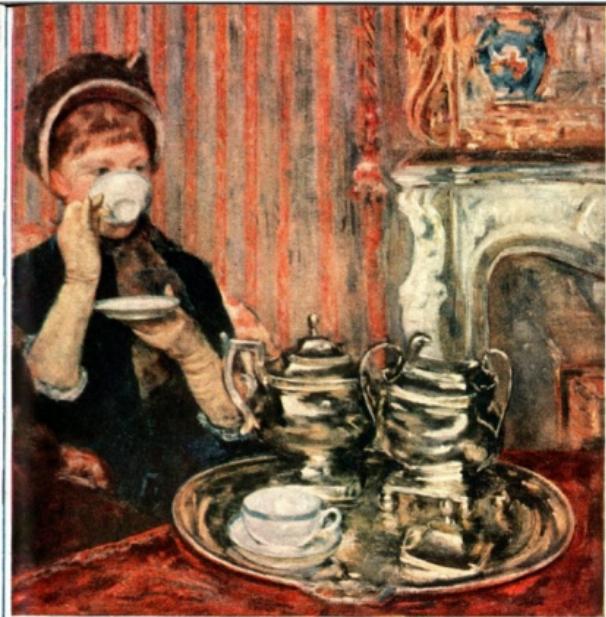


SARGENT PORTAIT of "Mademoiselle Suzanne Poirson" has never been publicly exhibited or reproduced before. Its delicate elegance shows great 19th century portraitist at his best.



Boston Museum of Fine Arts





Glasgow Art Gallery



WHISTLER'S famed "Portrait of Thomas Carlyle: Arrangement in Grey and Black, No. 2" is a companion piece to even better-known painting of his mother.



"EGYPTIAN GIRL," Sargent's magnificent nude (now somewhat marred by cracking paint), shows that his genius embraced more than polished portraiture.

Mrs. Chauncey McCormick & Mrs. Richard E. Danielson



"LA LOGE," Mary Cassatt's lusciously tinted oil of a girl in an opera box, was painted in 1879, the year Cassatt was first invited to exhibit with the French impressionists.

abjure them and hope never to do another, especially of the Upper Classes."

Of the three expatriates on show, Sargent rose highest in his lifetime and fell farthest afterwards. Some of his paintings at Chicago, such as the vibrant portrait of *Mlle. Suzanne Poirson* and the elegantly sexy *Egyptian Girl* (see spread), will surprise those who have come to regard him as a mere Cecil Beaton of the paintbrush. He had more dash than genius, yet in his best moments the portly, full-bearded conservative stood among the immortals.

Mary Cassatt's closest male friend was also her master, Edgar Degas. If she never equaled that dour misogynist as an artist, she came close enough to earn a place as the best woman painter America has produced. A rich, aristocratic Pennsylvanian, she spent almost all her adult life laboring at her profession in Paris. Though she hobnobbed with the impressionists, the tall spinster never painted a landscape. People offered more of a challenge, she felt. Cassatt was an austere sort altogether; she once turned John Singer Sargent from her door because he had done such a "dreadful portrait" of her brother Alex.

A Cup of Tea (see spread) demonstrates Cassatt's genius for imbuing the most ordinary sights with a magic timelessness. Her compositions look as casual as candid camera shots; actually they are composed as sensitively as the Japanese prints she admired and collected. *La Loge* (opposite) is a surprisingly festive picture for Cassatt. Curator Frederick Sweet, who assembled Chicago's exhibition, considers it her most beautiful canvas.

Says Curator Sweet of the three expatriates: "Whistler developed a style almost entirely his own—a kind of impressionism quite different from the French. Sargent followed European portrait traditions, but he did it better than the Europeans; he had an American enthusiasm and directness. Mary Cassatt was very vigorous and stimulating, and I think the French artists of the time were aware of it." All in all, Sweet concludes, the three brought more to European art than they gained from it.

Battle of Yorktown

When the National Park Service began looking around for a sculptor to do a new figure for the top of the 97-ft. shaft of the Yorktown, Va., monument commemorating Washington's victory over Cornwallis, its eye fell on Norwegian-born Oskar Hansen, 61. Hansen was a monument-maker of some repute: he did the figures at Boulder Dam, a World War I memorial in Hinsdale, Ill., and a Columbus memorial in Rio de Janeiro. What was needed at Yorktown was a new statue of *Liberty* to replace the one decapitated by lightning in 1942.

At first all went well. Sculptor Hansen designed a classic Goddess of Liberty. It was duly approved by the Park Service, and Hansen went to work. But Hansen soon began to worry about the shaft on which his new statue was to be placed.

Not only was it a Victorian monstrosity, he charged, it was also an unsafe base for his new *Liberty*. At the top of the shaft, he said, is a gunmetal core which had repeatedly attracted lightning.

By last week, the Park Service and Sculptor Hansen seemed at hopeless deadlock. Hansen charged that when he agreed in 1949 to design a new figure, install it and repair the shaft, he did not know the condition of the column. His new, 13-ft. granite statue, he says, will "last for 10,000 years," and he objects to putting it on a base "that has not lasted the lifetime of a frame bungalow." The Park Service replied that Government engineers have inspected the shaft, and with a little fixing, it will be perfectly safe. Besides, Congress only appropriated \$59,000 for



Ralph Thompson
HANSEN & STATUE
Patrick Henry would understand.

the whole job: a new shaft alone would cost \$397,000.

Hansen was not concerned with such trivia. Said he: "To ask me to perpetrate, on the battlefield at Yorktown, a composition in sculpture bastardized according to the collective idea of a government bureaucracy, is asking of me not only the services of my body but the devastating perdition of my soul."

This week the outcome of the new battle of Yorktown was still in doubt. The Park Service hoped that Hansen would come around; if he did not, he could be sued for contract violation. Hansen, for his part, hoped public pressure would change Washington's mind. If not, he would rather call off the deal and give the Government back the \$20,000 it has paid him so far. In that case, Hansen says, he might give his *Liberty* to President Syngman Rhee of Korea, whom he regards as a champion like Patrick Henry and Thomas Jefferson of the ideals of democracy and freedom."

MEDICINE

Smoking & Cancer

Stung by recent evidence that there is a definite connection between heavy cigarette smoking and lung cancer (TIME, Nov. 30), the tobacco industry organized to nail down the facts. In telling the U.S. public this week (in newspaper ads) of its decision, the Tobacco Industry Research Committee[®] challenged the conclusiveness of recent findings but said: "We accept an interest in people's health as a basic responsibility, paramount to every other consideration in our business."

Committee members pledged joint financial aid for research into "all phases of tobacco use and health." Heading the research will be "a scientist of unimpeachable integrity and national repute" (not yet named). "Scientists disinterested in the cigarette industry . . . from medicine, science and education will be invited to serve" on an advisory board.

"Boilermaker's Ear"

Wisconsin's supreme court let fall a decision last week that reverberated like a boiler factory. The court approved a compensation award of \$2,429 damages for partial loss of hearing to one Albert Wojcik, 62, an operator employed by the Green Bay Drop Forge Co. What made the case news was that Wojcik is still working at his job. He has not lost a penny in wages. But substantial loss of hearing is in itself sound basis for compensation, the court held.[†]

Albert Wojcik was a victim of "boilermaker's ear," the impairment of hearing that follows long exposure to noise. As sound engineers measure it, the intensity of ordinary conversation is 50 decibels; an average factory is rated at 85 decibels. Above 90 decibels, reached in many factories, prolonged noise will impair the hearing of some sensitive individuals; in the range from 100 to 120 decibels, noise will damage the hearing of most workers. Above 120 decibels, practically everybody will suffer.

Damage claims resulting from hearing loss are plaguing U.S. industry. Against a single New Jersey company they total no less than \$5,000,000. Medical criteria to determine whether there has been an actual loss of hearing, and if so to what degree, are only now being standardized. To correlate the results of scattered research, and to help industry cut down noise, the Mellon Institute's Industrial Hygiene Foundation in Pittsburgh has agreed to act as a "unifying agent."

Says the institute's head, Dr. C. Richard Walmer: "Noise costs employers money,

* Comprising nine cigarette manufacturers (including all the big ones except Liggett & Myers) and five tobacco trade groups.

† Wisconsin's legislature has decreed that in future there must be a loss of wages before compensation can be claimed. But there are hundreds of cases left from the old law, which was similar to the law in many other states.

even if they never face a compensation claim. Medical authorities agree that [it] cuts human efficiency, slackens and dulls mental processes, clouds judgment and reduces precision."

Money, Money, Money

The commonest and most neglected illness in the U.S. today is money-sickness, Dr. William Kaufman told the American Psychiatric Association in Boston last week. And one reason why it is not often detected, said the Bridgeport (Conn.) psychosomatist, is that many doctors have their own unresolved problems regarding the use of money. This serves as an unconscious check which keeps them from recognizing or investigating the abnormal psycho-economic behavior of their patients.

An individual's attitude toward money, whether healthy or not, is usually determined early in life, said Dr. Kaufman. If it is unhealthy, it may touch off a variety of psychosomatic illnesses, such as headaches, anxiety states, hysterical paralysis, panic reactions, depression, or disorders of the digestive system, heart and lung function, or muscular control.

Studying more than a thousand of his patients, Dr. Kaufman has seen compulsive non-spenders (ranging from the merely conservative to the downright miserly), whose money-hunger represented love-hunger. "Most of these people," he said, "were deprived in their early lives of love and affection, and experienced poverty, punishment and regimentation. Symbolically, money represents the love, affection and security . . . for which they have an insatiable craving." At the opposite end of the spectrum are compulsive spenders, who may become sick if they are forced to save or stop spending. Many of these, says Dr. Kaufman, were overprotected in childhood by an overindulgent parent who guiltily substituted money gifts for the boon of love. Usually one parent was strict, but the other overcompensated for his severity. Other compulsive spenders, who had neither money nor love in childhood, spend selfishly as adults to give themselves a substitute for love.

The complications of money-sickness are endless, Dr. Kaufman indicated. But the doctor who can treat the disease, by frank discussion of the relationship between money and moods, can help society as a whole, as well as his patient.

Other items of medical interest at the meetings sponsored by the American Association for the Advancement of Science: ¶ Loving kindness can make as much difference to the growing rat as to the developing child, said Psychologist Otto Weininger of Toronto. Laboratory rats that he petted and fondled grew faster and bigger, and resisted stress better than their brother rats.

¶ "Neuromuscular television" was the name given by Chicago's Dr. Edmund Jacobson to a gadget for helping heart patients to relax. The tension in a patient's muscles and nerves is projected on a screen so that he can see the effect of his efforts to relax.

RELIGION

The Return of the Gods

In the big New Mexico pueblo of the Zuñis, largest of all the Indian pueblos, met the chiefs of the six clans. The matter before them was of great solemnity: How did the Zuñi gods chance to be residing in a white man's kiva, and what were the white boys doing with them?

The white boys were members of the famed Koshare troop of Boy Scouts in La Junta, Colo. Founded in 1933 by a railroad contractor named Buck Burshears, the Koshares (Pueblo Indian for clowns) have made a specialty of re-creating Indian dances, faithful to the last



Winburn QUETAWKE & SHEKA WITH SHALAKO
Too real, too true.

feather and as accurately chanted, stomped and hopped as scholarship and rehearsal can make them. Koshares are the pick of all La Junta scouts; they spend hundreds of dollars on their costumes and go on tour each summer in their own especially equipped bus, netting as much as \$50,000 a season. Their headquarters is a \$150,-000 kiva, or ceremonial house, roofed by a lace-log pattern of 6x6 poles.

Whipped to Manhood. But the Zuñi chiefs knew nothing of all this. What had brought them together and what they were passed around among themselves was a picture clipped from the Denver Post showing groups of two of their most powerful gods, the Mudheads and the Shalakos, among the white men. After due deliberation, the chiefs sent a delegation to the Indian Commissioner in Gallup, N. Mex., 33 miles north of the pueblo, to protest against the sacrifice and to inform him that henceforth the great Zuñi pueblo would be closed to all non-Zuñi visitors.

When Buck Burshears heard of this he reacted with speed and tact. Would the Zuñi chiefs honor the Koshare troop by appointing two representatives to attend a performance of the sacred dances, to see for themselves that no mock was being made of the gods? And to show that the white chief spoke with no forked tongue, he sent two round-trip railroad tickets to La Junta.

Last week they came—Oscar Sheka, Keeper of the Sacred Masks, and Leo Quetawke, Head Councilman in charge of Law and Order. They were dressed in windbreakers and dark trousers and their seamed, impassive faces were shaded by the black ten-gallon hats that the Indians of the southwest love to wear. At the railroad station they met another Zuñi and brought him along. He was Enos Coonsis, a 19-year-old soldier in the field artillery at nearby Camp Carson. Like most Zuñis, Enos had gone to church while he was at school, but like most Zuñis he had little understanding of Christianity. The gods that Artilleryman Enos worships are the *Katchinas*, the masked dancers whose sacred dual identity was revealed to him some six years ago at the dread Whipping Ceremony at which Zuñi boys become men.

Something Alive. In the kiva of the Koshare troop, a capacity crowd of 400 watched while the dances began with the ceremonial lighting of a fire. Soon the Mudheads bounded in. The Mudheads are idiot children born of a god's incestuous union with his sister; their sack-like masks with doughnut-shaped eyes and mouth are hideous and their movements are wild and grotesque. The touch of a Mudhead can drive a good man sex-mad, say the Zuñis, and they shrink before their threatening leaps and insane gyrations. Later in the evening the Shalakos had their turn.

The Shalakos are beautiful. They are birds, about ten feet high, with turquoise heads crested with eagle feathers and mounted with feather-tipped buffalo horns. Their bulging ball-eyes roll majestically and their wooden beaks clack-clack as they glide and stomp through their dance of blessing, with a tinkling of bells worn at the knees of the dancers.

Through the hour-and-a-half performance, the Zuñi emissaries did not miss a sound or a gesture. When it was over they sat down to powwow with Buck Burshears and the Koshare leaders. "This is too real, too true," they said. "What you do is not imitation. These are living gods, and we must take the Shalakos and the Mudheads to the home of the Masked Gods where they belong."

For two days and two nights the talks went on, and at last the scouts understood. Explained Head Koshare Ronnie Lorenzo: "Always before we have taken something from the past to preserve for posterity. Now we have taken something alive. We must give it back."

At week's end, seven Koshares departed



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America's trend to more comfortable living is completely expressed in jersey fabric knit of Celanese acetate. Women of exacting taste find in this fiber a priceless ability to combine comfort with elegance. In the great, growing jersey market (millions of dresses are now knit annually), Celanese acetate is a *basic* fiber.

On this page you see four Nelly Don dresses that prove the point beautifully. They are made of a Celanese acetate knit fabric called Jersanese*. An abiding classic in this field, Jersanese feels irresistibly smooth and soft. Its touch is friendly, warm, *good*. It travels superbly, packs into the smallest space, shakes off wrinkles, stays fresh. And, being acetate, *looks* far more than it costs.

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for the Zuñi gods and to receive a welcome such as no white men have received before into the religious inner circle of the Zuñi tribes. The Zuñis have promised them several new chants and dances to replace the Mudheads and the Shalakos, which they will never dance again. Said Buck Bur-shears last week: "The whole thing has turned out wonderfully well!"

Farm Street

A good deal of the light and power of British Roman Catholicism emanates from an undistinguished-looking church and a drab, red brick building close by London's Berkeley Square. The church is officially called the Church of the Immaculate Conception and the building is headquarters of the English Jesuits, but both together are much better known as Farm Street. Farm Street's back door is the gateway through which pass the more notable British converts to Catholicism.*

First with the Best. It was not always so. The Jesuits had no permanent headquarters in England until the mid-19th century, when official tolerance at last encouraged them to establish one. In 1840 a delegation of Jesuit priests, cautiously clad in secular clothes with top hats, paid £5,800 for the Farm Street leasehold in what was then a stifling congestion of stables and cab-choked cobble streets. But as Mayfair spread out and the Edwardian upper crust turned the stables into mews flats, Farm Street became top-drawer. The best known Farm Street figure of this elegant era was handsome, well-born Father Bernard Vaughan, whose sermons packed such dramatic punch that professional actors came to church for pointers.

Today Farm Street still maintains the tradition of getting there first with the best of the Catholic point of view on everything from euthanasia to the Kinsey Report. One of its priests recently outlined Farm Street's function as "presenting the Catholic religion in modern terms to the intelligentsia of the day and answering any attacks made upon Catholics." Immaculate Conception is no parish church; it contains no baptismal font and performs no marriages. Instead, its 20-odd priests in residence handle a tough, three-part assignment: 1) administering (under Father Desmond Boyle) the 903 members of the Jesuit Order in England, Scotland, Wales, Rhodesia and British Guiana, 2) publishing (under Father Philip Caranam) a highbrow monthly called *The Month* and extending the ministry to the literate with lectures, newspaper articles, radio broadcasts, etc., 3) preaching and instructing converts.

Just a Job. Last week Farm Street got a new boss. Tall, spindle-faced Father Leo Belton, 63, is a shy scholar who has spent 24 years in the capacities of teacher, chaplain and headmaster at Stonyhurst, a Jesuit school for boys. Though he is al-



Brian Seed

FATHER BELTON
Ready when needed.

most painfully reserved, Father Belton seems to have no qualms about his new role as head of his order's most active newsmaker. He accepts it as one more opportunity to fulfill his vow of obedience. "There's no such thing as a promotion in the Jesuit Order," he said last week. "One year you might be head of a college, the next you might be director of boys' games. Now I am superior of Farm Street, a famous church, but it is just a job to be done. I won't change anything; it will go on as it always has—a pool of information and assistance, ready to be drawn upon whenever it is needed."

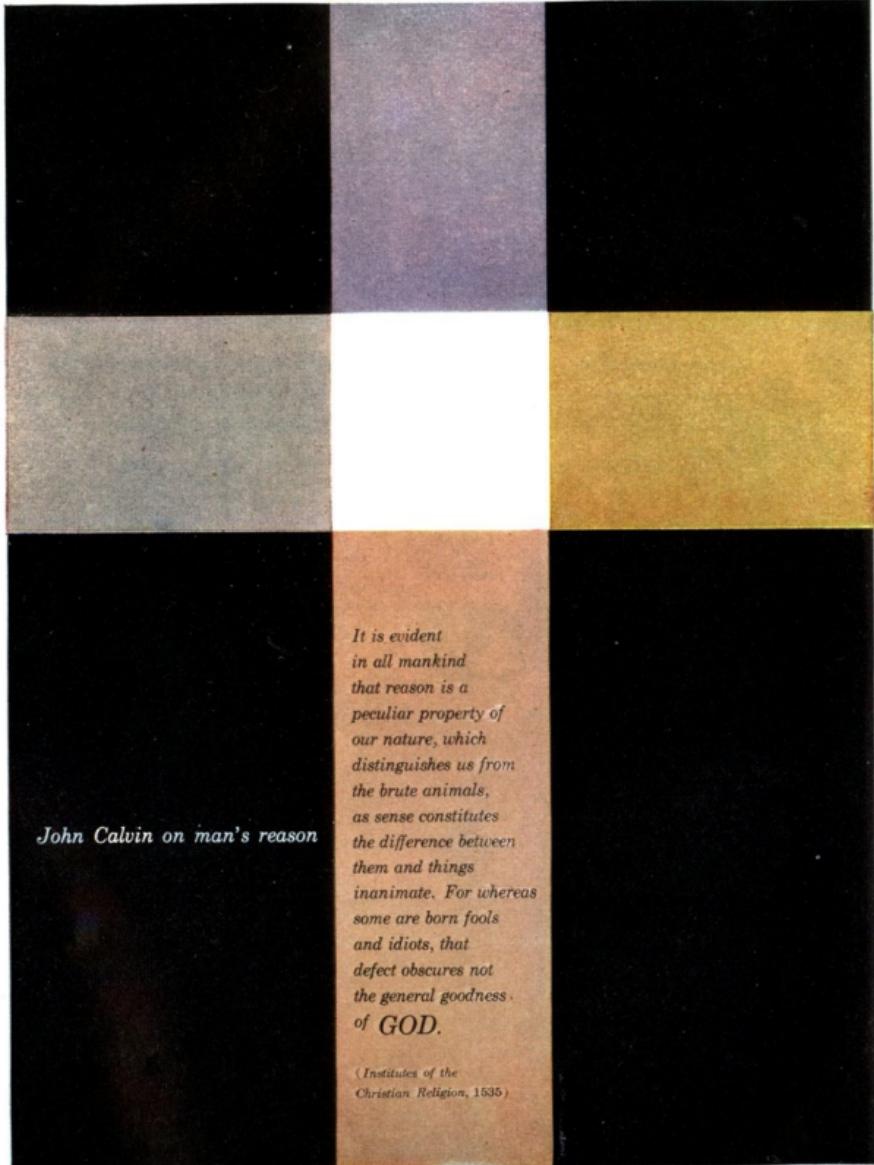
Words & Works

¶ President Eisenhower's pastor, the Rev. Edward Elson of Washington's National Presbyterian Church, credited Ike with leading "one of the great periods of religious renaissance in our national history." Said he: "There is a fresh naturalness and manliness to prayer . . . By his regular participation in Christian worship, by the maintenance of his personal spiritual disciplines and through his public utterances, the President is pointing America to the way of faith . . ."

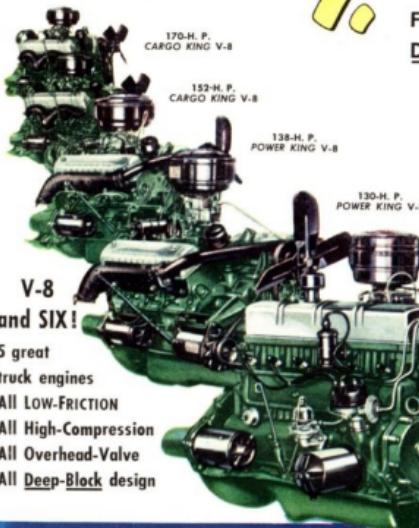
¶ In the interests of keeping "religious friction at a minimum," the Quebec Board of Censors barred the movie *Martin Luther* from public exhibition in that province. "We barred the English film *Oliver Twist*," explained Board Chairman Alexis Gagnon, "because Jewish groups protested that the portrayal of Fagin the Jew might lead people to think of all Jews as being malicious . . . Some Catholics might not get excited about [*Martin Luther*]. But there are those who might."

¶ Methodists topped up gifts to Methodist colleges and universities in 1953, found it a good year. In addition to more than \$8,000,000 in regular fund-raising, special gifts and bequests reached a record total of more than \$10 million.

* Among them: Novelist Evelyn Waugh, Pamela Churchill, ex-daughter-in-law of Sir Winston, Murder-Trial Lawyer John Maude.



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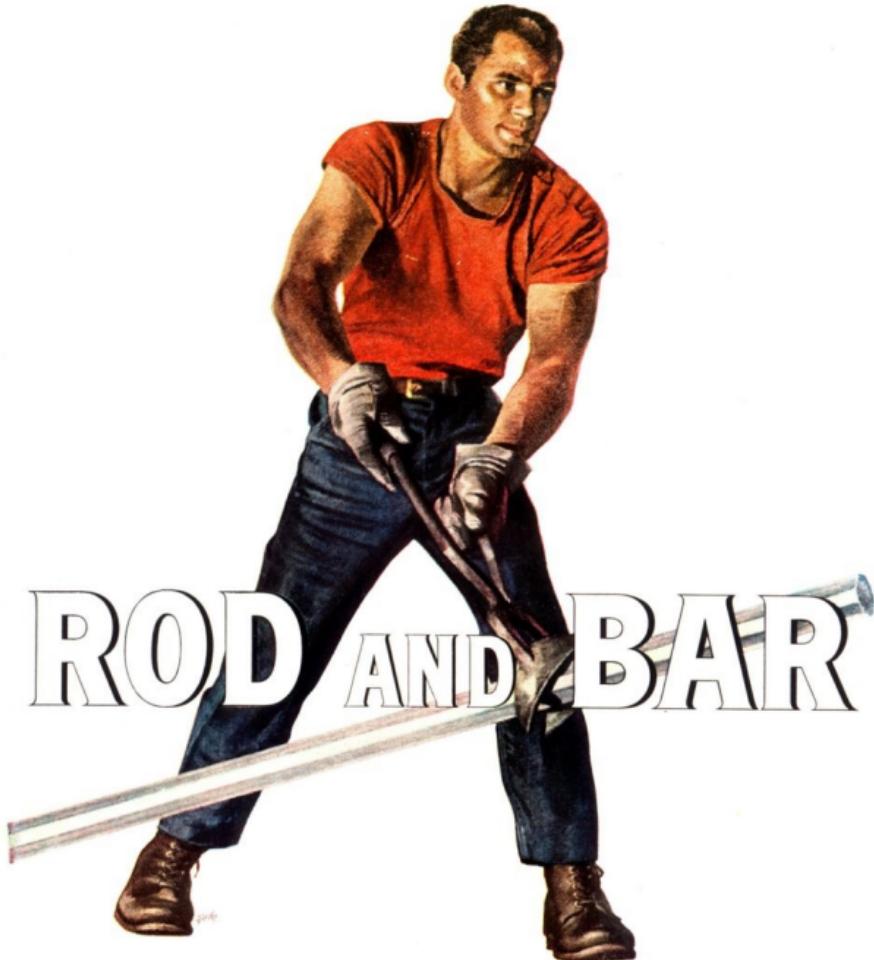
Brand-new Ford Tandem-Axle giant, Model T-800 (shown) is rated for up to 40,000 lbs. G.V.W., 60,000 lbs. G.C.W. Companion Model T-700 has G.V.W. ratings up to 27,000 lbs., G.C.W. up to 42,000 lbs. Four wheelbases, 144-, 156-, 175- and 192-inch.

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THE THEATER

New Plays in Manhattan

In the Summer House (by Jane Bowles) takes place on a dreamlike section of the Southern California coast, and contrasts the happy-animal life of a gaggle of Mexicans with the mental distress of half a dozen Americans in just about every stage of neurotic obsession. Widowed Judith Anderson, the undisputed queen of this domain, is superbly in command from the very start. Like a Freudian Madame Defarge, she knits in purposeful accompaniment to the sound of her own voice falling like a cleaver on her tremble-chinned daughter (Elizabeth Ross), who peeps in terror from a vine-enclosed summerhouse across the garden. Even marriage to a Saroyanesque young



Eileen Darby—Graphic House

JUDITH ANDERSON & ELIZABETH ROSS
In a homely womb away from home.

man (Logan Ramsey) fails to save the daughter, for she feverishly builds a homely womb away from home in a trellised corner booth of her husband's bar. The play's uncertain note of affirmation is sounded when Elizabeth finally flees to St. Louis with her husband, rejecting her mother's hysterical offer of a newer, better and even more insulated garden house.

Playwright Bowles's plot (complicated by a fatal accident offstage) and point (life must progress from fakery to reality) are the feeblest parts of her drama. But she wins high marks for theatricality and comic invention. Each of the five scenes is beautifully placed and paced. They are peopled with some fine original types, notably Mildred Dunnock as a tip-toeing mother who achieves a boozey sublimation after the death of her jet-propelled offspring (Muriel Berkson). Jean Stapleton, a triumphantly fun-loving barmaid, and Martita Reid, a Mexican dowager of sufficient force to faze even in-

domitable Actress Anderson. Director José Quintero has caught some memorable vignettes: a beach picnic, as airily languid as the colored soap bubbles blown by a Mexican girl, and a muddled wedding party, alive with tears and frayed tempers. Oliver Smith's scenery and the music composed by the playwright's husband, Paul Bowles, are nicely in key with the disturbing childhood memories that are the play's evanescent strength.

The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker (by Liam O'Brien) has a likable air and funny interludes, but its fun is fitful, so that the play must be described as not a bad evening rather than a really good one.

A period comedy laid in Wilmington, Del., in 1890, it concerns a middle-class father of eight with advanced views. Horace Pennypacker is a freethinker who wears knickerbockers rather than trousers, and belongs to societies espousing Darwin and dedicated to persuading Bernard Shaw to visit America. He also, it soon transpires, is the father of nine children by a different wife in Philadelphia.

To Horace, pursuing high aims at high altitudes, bigamy is a mere narrow-minded epithet, and the feelings of his Wilmington wife (Martha Scott), on hearing the Philadelphia story, are to be placated by friendly words and a few flowers. Necessarily, there are bourgeois complications. Yet, as played with gusto by Burgess Meredith, Mr. Pennypacker is no less a devoted family man for having one family too many, and no less a man of principle for having principles all his own. The whole play is geared to the level of farce; but though the level is sustained, the leverage falters. Mr. Pennypacker can never quite settle down to being funny. At times, the play has Horace hilariously on the spot; at other times, Horace has orthodox behavior, and even monogamy, by the tail. But there is too much joking for such a moderate-sized joke, and sometimes the merest commotion is substituted for comedy. Despite a good try at the end, Mr. Pennypacker's predicament is never really unscrambled.

Sing Till Tomorrow (by Jean Lowenthal) folded after the most Scrooge-like reviews within yuletide memory. The *Herald Tribune's* Walter Kerr objected with equal irritation that half the play could not be heard and the other half could. Brooks Atkinson of the *Times* described the play as "solemn gibberish." Sing Till Tomorrow was worse than just plain bad: it was fuzzily and pretentiously so, and with acting that matched the script. Involved were a druggist, his second wife and his son, who sinned with the wife and wrote a play attacking the father. "His pitch is a stammer to the far-flung stars" is a fair sample of how the characters addressed one another; and their lives seemed as curiously—and often as needlessly—tortured as their language.

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Everybody approved the new name except the Traffic Manager

An incident that points up the need of having the Traffic Manager in on top-level planning

The question before the Management Committee was the name for an important new product. A name had been proposed by the advertising agency. Everybody liked it. It suggested the product's use. It implied superiority. It had sales appeal.

Only the Traffic Manager registered an emphatic "No!"

That name, he pointed out, would inevitably throw the product into a freight classification which would take a high rate. A different name would enable him to ship it under a more favorable classification at a lower rate.

Such a name was found and everybody agreed it was just as

good as the first suggestion.

Fortunately this happened in one of the growing group of large companies in which the Traffic Manager sits in at the top-management level. In all too many cases the chief traffic executive does not learn of such errors until it is too late to correct them.

According to the most modern business concept, a product is continuously "in transit" from the purchase of raw materials to the hands of the ultimate consumer. At any step in between the well-informed and resourceful traffic executive may be able to contribute helpful suggestions —*if he is permitted to do so.*

Chesapeake and Ohio Railway

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BUSINESS

STATE OF BUSINESS

No. 31

Firestone Tire & Rubber Co. last week reported that its sales for 1953 had pushed over the billion dollar level for the first time, thus making it the 31st U.S. company to pass the magic mark and become a member of the "Billion Dollar Club." Firestone's record: \$1,029,000,000 worth of rubber goods and plastics sold (\$64,000,000 better than 1952), for a net profit of \$46,748,971, or \$11.77 a share.

End of the Bigness Bugaboo

As any businessman knows, a cardinal tenet of New and Fair Deal gospel was that a big company was probably bad, i.e., it was tarred with monopolistic sin. Many an economist, both liberal and conservative, went along with this view, vigorously expounded in 1934 by Louis D. Brandeis in *The Curse of Bigness*. But last week, when 4,000 members of ten economic and statistical societies gathered in Washington for their annual meeting, the economists surprised one another by their new and friendly view of big business and their calmer attitude toward monopoly. Said Yale's Assistant Professor G. Warren Nutter: "The bigness bugaboo took a licking here."

New Birth. There were still some dissenters who complained that the majority was "trying to define away monopoly." But for the first time, the apostles and supporters of Harvard's late Economist Joseph Schumpeter were in command. In his book, *Capitalism, Socialism & Democracy* (1942), Schumpeter held that inventions and innovations within business brought about constant "creative destruction" of old economic forms

and the birth of new ones. In showing the creative role of large business organizations, he insisted that what looks at any moment like restraint of trade may be necessary for the encouragement of competition, as it has actually functioned in the economy. In most industries, Schumpeter concluded, practices which appear to restrain trade in the short run tend to promote dynamic advance in the long run.

Schumpeter's thesis was elaborated at last week's meeting by Harvard's Economics Professor John Kenneth Galbraith. "Anciently," said Galbraith, "two solutions have been recognized to the problem of [concentrated] economic power. One is competition. The other . . . is regulation by the state." But a third result of such concentration, often overlooked by economists, may be of even greater importance: the rise of large "countervailing powers," such as the labor federations and farm bureaus, or the organization of large chain and department stores to offset the market power of great manufacturers. "Those who are subject to the aggressions of economic power have both a negative and a positive incentive to organize resistance." This being true, said Galbraith, the tactics of great corporations should be viewed in the same manner as the efforts of labor and farmers.

This lessening of the importance of monopoly got support from M.I.T.'s W. Rupert MacLaurin, who had ranked 13 different U.S. industries according to their technological progress. He had found no important correlation between their progress and lack of monopolistic restraint, as traditional theorists assumed there would have to be. The moral, said MacLaurin, is that trustbusters should take into account the creative contribution to the economy of a company's research (i.e., the argument Du Pont used to persuade a federal court to dismiss an antitrust suit against it on Cellophane [TIME, Dec. 21]) as an offsetting factor in the definition of monopoly.

New Definition. In taking a longer look at the discrepancy between traditional theories of competition and the facts of American growth, the economists were groping toward a more respectful view of big business. They were, it was clear, ready to exchange some unrealistic dogma about it for a more open-minded approach in keeping with contemporary facts.

The curtain came down on an important antitrust case last week. In Manhattan, Federal Judge John C. Knox dismissed the Government's four-year-old antitrust suit against Showmen Jacob J. Shubert, the late Lee Shubert and four other defendants, for monopolizing the legitimate-theater business in the U.S. Citing the Supreme Court's refusal to apply the antitrust laws to professional baseball, Judge Knox ruled that the showmen enjoyed the same freedom from antitrust action.



Myron Ehrenberg—Scope
ECONOMIST SCHUMPETER
Creative destruction.

Latest Voice of Doom

When Europeans are not worrying about McCarthyism or the lack of culture in the U.S., they are worrying about an American depression. Ever since war's end, many European economists and politicos have clearly seen the catastrophe—just around the corner. The latest doomsayer: Colin Clark, Australia-born economist, Oxford teacher and author of *The Conditions of Economic Progress* and four other books, Clark as early as 1942 foresaw the great



NORMAN MILLER
ECONOMIST CLARK
Destructive errors.

American postwar boom and also won applause for demolishing phony Soviet statistics of vast economic progress in the U.S.S.R.

In the *Manchester Guardian Weekly* last month, Clark, who will visit the U.S. this month, predicted a slump in 1954 that will carry the U.S. economy back to the level of the slight 1949 recession. Up to that point, some American economists and businessmen go along with him. But, added Clark, this time the U.S. economy will not snap out of it, as it did in 1949, but will go right on down. There will be no new stimulus to turn the economy back to expansion. Before year's end there may be 7,000,000 unemployed. The only ways to prevent it, according to Clark: a \$20 billion tax reduction next July or more loans to foreign countries to finance more U.S. exports.

The reasoning behind Clark's prophecy is that inventories in the U.S. are too high, that business will cut down orders, and that this will start a chain of cutbacks. Subsidiary causes: less defense spending and a drop in U.S. exports (whose importance to the U.S. is overestimated by Clark, as by most foreign economists).

TIME CLOCK

As a parallel for his gloomy outlook, Clark goes back to 1929. The Great Depression, he writes, was caused by "trivialities." His "complete list" of the 1929 factors: 1) though construction and the production of durable goods were high, construction costs were rising; 2) inventories were high but not abnormal; 3) money was abundant but there was a slight financial squeeze early in the year, plus a slight decline in Government spending. Substantially the same factors are at work now, says Clark. Ergo, the same consequences threaten.

At no point in his analysis of the 1929 crash does Clark mention the collapse of the huge, artificially bloated stock-market balloon nor the careful measures taken since then to prevent a repetition of this phony boom. Thus, his "complete list" of depression causes not only lacks the chief ones but is in error in the causes cited. For example, instead of being abundant, money in 1929 became so short that the call rate rose to 20%^{1/2}. Government spending, instead of declining, was actually up for the year. In any case, any rise or fall in Government spending would have been a trivial factor; the entire federal budget in 1929 was only \$3,500,000,000, or 3% of the Gross National Product, compared to \$72 billion, or 19% of G.N.P. now.

Clark's argument was perhaps most effectively refuted by the *Manchester Guardian* itself, which said: "We do not feel that it is convincing. It seems to allow no part at all to the amazing resilience of the American economy or to the undogmatic inventiveness of the American mind. Up & down that vast country, business people, farmers and ordinary consumers have been looking over their shoulders almost constantly . . . to decide whether they have borrowed too much, bought too much stock, or committed themselves too far . . . Yet businessmen have not shown any intention so far of reducing their expenditure for new plants and equipment even in 1954, and consumers have behaved with complete confidence. It would need more than the absence of a new stimulus to throw that prosperous nation into chaos."

In London last week, Secretary General Robert Marjolin of the Organization for European Economic Cooperation pinpointed one result of Europe's widespread fear of a U.S. depression. Writing for *Lloyd's Bank Review*, Marjolin said the fear might paralyze the continent's initiative and block further moves toward freer trade. Some countries, wrote Marjolin, are unwilling to dismantle their protective systems because of their fear of the consequences of an economic recession in the U.S." But actually, he added, such reasoning is fallacious: "Unless there were in Europe a wide market fairly free from restrictions, we could not hope to maintain a high level of employment in the face of an American recession."

GREEK shipowners who bought surplus U.S. vessels despite the law banning such sales to aliens are in for more trouble from the Department of Justice (TIME, Sept. 14). This week a grand jury indicted Greek Shipping Tycoon Manous E. Kulukundis on the ground that he illegally bought U.S. ships through a series of subsidiary U.S. corporations. Federal agents are planning to seize the 10,172-ton tanker S.S. Sweetwater and some 24 other ships allegedly owned by Kulukundis.

TURNABOUT in farm prices in December (up 1.2% after a four-month drop) was due largely to unusually high hog prices. Normally, hog prices fall in December, the month of heaviest marketing, but this year hogs went to market earlier, keeping December shipments down and prices up. Market will probably stay firm until farmers bring in their big new hog crop next fall.

SINCLAIR OIL, along with Carter Oil and Socony-Vacuum, has just brought in the first well in what may be a rich new oilfield in the Williston Basin 100 miles northwest of Bismarck, N. Dak.

MERRITT-Chapman & Scott, one of the top U.S. construction and salvage firms, is going into the steel business. Having recently bought the Milton (Pa.) Electric Steel Corp., it now wants to buy a second steelmaker, the \$31 million Newport (Ky.) Steel Corp., which has an annual ingot capacity of 709,000 net tons. The offer: one share of Merritt-Chapman stock (value: \$28½ per share) for every 2.1 shares (1,078,547 outstanding) of Newport Steel.

JOHN L. LEWIS, who rarely loses a battle in the coal fields, has lost a bitter, 16-month fight to organize West Virginia's Independent League of Widen Miners (some 600 members) under the U.M.W. banner. The miners, working at the big Elk River Coal & Lumber Co. at Widen, one of the largest outside Lewis' union, refused to join because their pay is higher

FASHION From Natives to Natives

Manhattan's Carolyn Schnurer is a fashion designer who gets her best ideas abroad, but not from the salons of other designers. Every year she travels to such far-off places as Haiti, South Africa and Japan to see what native styles and costumes she can adapt for American natives, especially as sports clothes. In ten years of such globe-trotting, Carolyn Schnurer has built a big reputation—and a \$7,000,000 annual business.

Last week the latest catches of Fashion-Hunter Schnurer—the results of a three-week trip to Turkey last summer—went on sale in Manhattan and Los Angeles. Priced from \$14.95 to \$65, her 1954 line of winter resort clothes includes simple

than the union average and their dues much lower (50¢ a month v. \$4 plus for the U.M.W.).

COMPETITION in the woolen industry is forcing American Woolen Co., world's biggest woolen and worsted fabrics weavers, into disposing of plants. Company, which lost more than \$12 million in the past 21 months, plans to sell eleven of its Northern mills, concentrate production in newer Southern mills.

PARKER Pen Co., last big holdout against ballpoint pens, will finally bow to the trend. After nine years of experimenting, it will bring out its first ballpoint this week, for \$2.75. The company claims it will give 60 hours of writing (v. 14 for most other pens) without replacing the cartridge.

THREE swing to diesels on U.S. railroads is still picking up speed. Union Pacific, already 60% dieselized, placed a \$35 million order with General Motors for 205 more engines (190 freight, 15 passenger units) to be delivered in 1954, thus giving the road 100% diesel through service along its main line from Omaha to the West Coast.

TV broadcasting may be nearing the saturation point. The Federal Communications Commission, in a survey of 83 TV stations in operation since April 1952, reported that only 16 have an overall profit; the rest are in the red, with 67 taking losses of from \$2,100 to \$14,700 a month.

WORKING control of the famed Glenn L. Martin Co. has passed to its top officers. Chairman and President George M. Bunker and Financial Vice-President J. Bradford Wharton Jr., who bought up 10% of the stock (317,152 shares), thus joined a personal holding company. Bunker and Wharton, who have put the company on its feet, stand to clean up for their job. They also have options to buy another 102,000 shares at \$9.75 to \$10.25 (current price: \$16.88), which could give them a capital gain of more than \$600,000.

but smartly styled bathing suits, jackets, blouses and dresses decorated with tarbooshed figures and such Turkish zig-zags as designs copied from the ceremonial rug of a Turkish emir and from wrought-iron grillwork that she spotted in Istanbul.

Designer Schnurer is a one-time elementary-art and music teacher who married a bathing-suit manufacturer 24 years ago and later went to work for him. She took her first fashion-scouting trip to South America during World War II, under the auspices of Manhattan's Franklin Simon & Co. and three other department stores, which wanted her to look for new fabrics and ideas. After brushing up on her Spanish, she went to Peru, Ecuador and Guatemala, bought clothes right off the Indians' backs, and came

WOMEN EXECUTIVES

Plenty in Tchambuli—Few in the U.S.

WHEN the U.S. male catches the 8:05 to the office, he escapes from a world in which he has long ceased to be undisputed master, and into a region where he is still very much the boss. Outwardly, but only outwardly, American business has become strongly feminized. Industrial giants get down on their knees before the woman shopper, promising to love, honor and obey. The U.S. office landscape is full of wire bras, pancake makeup, and clouds of Chanel No. 5 rising from filing cabinets. Of the total U.S. labor force of 63 million, nearly one-third are women, twice as big a proportion as 60 years ago. Nevertheless, there are not enough top women executives in the U.S. today to form a medium-sized chorus line.

The basic reason is that the U.S. is not Tchambuli. Tchambuli is an idyllic community in New Guinea in which the men go in for curls, bright ornaments and music, while the women attend to business. Despite (or perhaps because of) the pioneer days, which helped make the American female more independent than any other female this side of New Guinea, American sentiment is strongly anti-Tchambuli. U.S. men feel uneasy working for women. U.S. women, for that matter, feel equally uneasy working for women.

A handful of outstanding women hold important corporate jobs; e.g., Mrs. Mildred McAfee Horton, 53, former president of Wellesley and wartime boss of the WAVES, is a director of NBC, RCA and the New York Life Insurance Co. Women have become leaders in obviously feminine lines, such as fashions, cosmetics and, increasingly, department stores, e.g., Dorothy Shaver, 56, president of Manhattan's Lord & Taylor. Women have done well in lines where their eye for detail is useful, e.g., banking (there are 8,105 female bank officers in the U.S., 9% of the total). But how rare women executives still are is shown by the fact that only one-half of one percent of employed women make more than \$5,000, compared to 12% of men.

U.S. businessmen rarely allow themselves to think about this situation. When they do, they give a lot of excellent reasons for it. Women lack technical aptitude and muscle power, which keeps them out of the rougher side of industry, where many top executives get their start. The career they are really interested in is marriage. "By the time you have spent a lot of time and money training them for executive jobs," says a Seattle department-store man, "some guy grabs them off,

or they get pregnant, or something." Says Charles Percy, president of Bell & Howell (cameras): "Sometimes they permit themselves to be distracted by husbands and families. This is hard for businessmen to understand, since no man ever takes more than a day away from work to have a baby." But, complain a lot of businessmen, while the married women are too busy with their homes, the unmarried are too busy with their frustrations. Women in general get too deeply involved in their jobs. They are too emotional. (Says one baffled male executive: "You can't talk to women the way you do to men. You hate to have them cry.") They are more jealous and gossipy than men. They are not tough enough. They dislike making decisions.

To which a lot of women reply that women merely try to be what men want; when women try to be tough and decisive—in other words, when they display executive qualities—the men run for the elevators.

The American male ideal of woman's place in business is symbolized by the All-American Secretary (also known as the Daytime Wife), who might have inspired Scott's lines: "When pain and anguish wring the brow/ A ministering angel thou." She is a nylon version of the ancient dream of woman as man's helpmate, companion, housekeeper, ego-builder and aspirin-bearer.

Many women, and a small male fifth column, have long been fighting this status of women. Says Tillie Lewis, fortyish, red-haired president of Stockton, Calif.'s successful Flotill Products, Inc.: "From the time we are old enough to understand the seriousness of life, we are taught to listen first to our daddies, then to our employers . . . It's utter nonsense." But most women in business seem content with the ministering-angel role, and relatively few try to get into the higher reaches of the corporate cherubim. Says Lillian C. Madden, president of Louisville's Falls City Brewing Co.: "In many cases, women aren't willing to make the sacrifices necessary to working up. They won't stick it out like a man."

Actually, many businessmen feel that there is more room for women executives—particularly in the youngest professions, where taste and the personal touch are important: public relations, advertising, personnel work, industrial design. They feel that if business is maintained at today's level, there will not be enough qualified men to fill the responsible positions, and women are going to be received in top jobs out of necessity.

back with plenty of ideas, notably the design for a short, pleated beach jacket known as the "Cholo" coat.

While introducing dresses and other garments to her line, Carolyn Schnurer applied what she had learned in making bathing suits. Says she: "We got used to working with the body that way, and so we make our garments the way girdle- and brassière-makers do. They fit so well it's not necessary to wear a brassière." As for the bathing suits themselves, Designer Schnurer helped force "women to stop wearing those great big dressmaker-skirt bathing suits" and don one-piece suits.

Her first trip to South America was so successful that plump, jolly Carolyn Schnurer persuaded other stores to help pay the costs of nine subsequent trips to



Murray Garrett—Graphic House
DESIGNER SCHNURER & MODEL
From Haiti, a Mother Hubbard.

far-off places. She and her husband, who runs the business side of the operation, never know what may come from her trips. From Haiti, she borrowed a Mother Hubbard-style dress; from the fishermen of Brittany, a pullover sweater; from Japan, a straight-line coat modeled after a judo wrestler's dressing gown. Designer Schnurer got some of her best ideas from Ireland. Says she: "I decided just to relax when I got there and go to the races. The first things I saw were the most gorgeous satin jockey coats in the most wonderful colors you've ever seen. I adopted them. Then I went to the pawn shops. I got some of the most marvelous heavy, cable-knit sweaters there, and even some underwear. When I got back to New York, I remembered the beautiful blue, bluish Irish sky and the fresh green grass, so I combined the colors in my fashions."

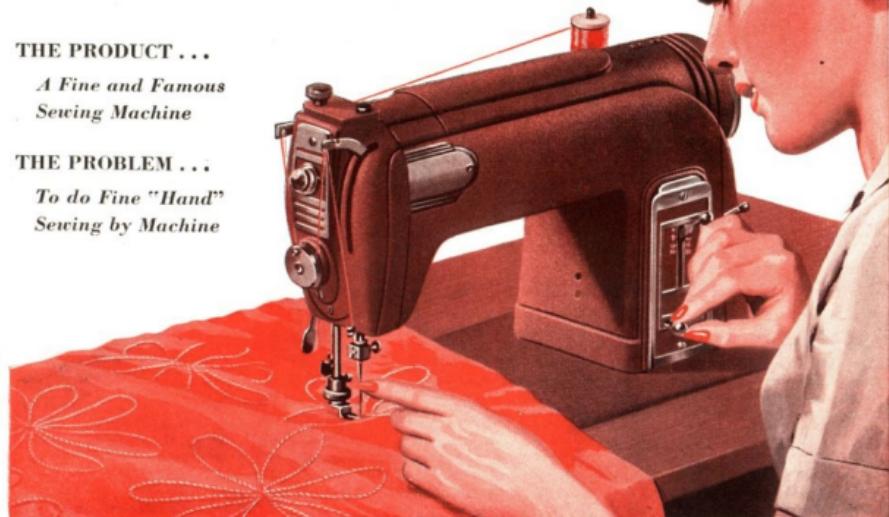
Here...The Answer Was "Specialized" Control

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DESPITE the many improvements in sewing machines since the days of the old foot-powered models, much intricate needlework has had to be done by hand. But recently, starting with a design by a leading sewing machine manufacturer, Mallory engineers made important contributions and are now producing for this one manufacturer a new and individualized speed control which permits full power operation at the very slow needle speeds required for fancy sewing.

This power control unit is a new use of the vibrator current interrupter pioneered by Mallory for automotive radio, and suggests many applications in other fields. It typifies Mallory engineering which has developed specialized control units for many manufacturers with a constantly growing range of applications.

How this affects the housewife is demonstrated not

only by her new sewing machine but also by her automatic washer, dryer and dishwasher—all regulated by Mallory timer controls so outstandingly satisfactory that they are used by most manufacturers of these appliances.

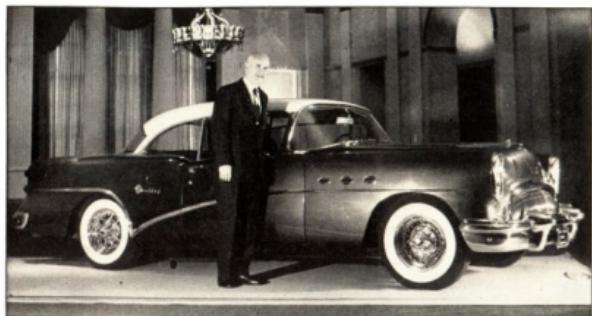
Mallory controls are vital in TV and radio sets . . . in huge commercial food mixers . . . life-saving iron lungs . . . giant locomotives and toy ones, too . . . business machines . . . automatic chicken feeders.

Mallory—long a leading factor in electronics, electrochemistry and metallurgy—offers to manufacturers whose processes and products require precision-built controls and components an exceptional combination of research, engineering and production skills. It is a combination you can depend on, whether your control problem is simple or complex.

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BUICK'S WILES & BUICK CENTURY
Sport for the family.

Martha Holmes

AUTOS

Buick's Bid

Nearly every motorist would like a sports car—or something close to it—if it had the comfort, roominess and reasonable price of the traditional family auto. In Flint, Mich., this week, Buick's General Manager Ivan L. (for Lester) Wiles, 55, took the wraps off what he thinks should fit the bill. It is Buick's Century, a new line that comes close to being a sports car for the family.

Sleek and low (60½ in.), Buick's Century is designed to sell in the \$2,300 price range between the Special and the Super (without such equipment as radio & heater). It is built on the Special's wheelbase (122 in.), but under the hood it has the same 200-h.p. engine as the Roadmaster. It will be available as a station wagon, two-door Riviera and four-door sedan.

The Century, however, was not the only new car to roll off Buick's production line. For the first time in 18 years, Buick redesigned its entire line in the same year, at a cost of about \$45 million. While most prices were unchanged from last year, the basic factory price of the Super convertible was cut \$60 (to \$2,700), while that of the Skylark sports car was slashed \$500 (to \$4,100).

The 1954 models follow the low and racy lines of last year's Skylark, are some three inches lower and as much as five inches longer than the 1953 models. The new cars have wrap-around windshields that give more visibility. Hoods have been lowered and fenders raised, so the driver can see his right front fender.

Under the hood, the Special has a V-8 engine with 150 h.p., v. 125 h.p. in 1953; the Super's horsepower has been boosted from 170 to 182, and the Roadmaster's from 188 to 200.

To show his confidence in his new models, Wiles has scheduled first-quarter Buick output at 135,000 cars, up nearly 10% from the same period last year. Buick's goal for 1954: to push Plymouth out of third place in auto sales.

Two other automakers announced new lines this week:

raised charges from public powerites that he was hand-picked by private powermen. Pearl insists he has no partisan interest in public v. private power disputes, though he supports development of the Snake River's Hell's Canyon by multiple private dams instead of one public dam. His reason: the multiple dams will produce more power in less time. Said Pearl: "The question is not one of public v. private power, but one of economy and engineering facts."

¶ Wesley P. Goss, 54, vice president and general manager of Arizona's Magma Copper Co., moved up to president, succeeding A. J. McNab, who became chairman. One of the West's top mining engineers, Goss bossed development of Magma's famed San Manuel mine, largest underground copper mine in the U.S.

¶ Joseph Johnson George, 44, chief of Eastern Air Lines' weather services, was named Deputy Chief of the U.S. Weather Bureau, a new job. World War II weather boss for the Army Air Forces in the China-Burma-India Theater, George is today the highest-ranking weatherman in the Air Force Reserve (rank: brigadier general). In his new job, he will boss reorganization of the Weather Bureau and improvement of forecasting techniques along lines he recommended a month ago while chairman of the Commerce Department's Advisory Committee on Weather Services.

Top Ten

The U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce, representing 2,300 local groups of young men under 36, last week named "America's Ten Outstanding Young Men of 1953." The ten:

¶ Medical Researcher Dr. Albert Schatz, 33, professor at Pennsylvania's National Agricultural College, for his role in the discovery of the wonder drug, streptomycin (TIME, Jan. 8, 1951).

¶ Crusading Newspaperman Walter Horace Carter, 32, editor and co-publisher of the Tabor City (N.C.) Tribune, for his fight against the Ku Klux Klan (TIME, May 11).

¶ Utah's Republican Congressman Douglas R. Stringfellow, 31, paralyzed as the

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

¶ Engineer William A. Pearl, 60, head of the State College of Washington's engineering school, was named Bonneville Power Administrator to succeed Dr. Paul J. Raver, who resigned. Although Pearl has never mixed in the Northwest's public v. private power squabbles, the choice



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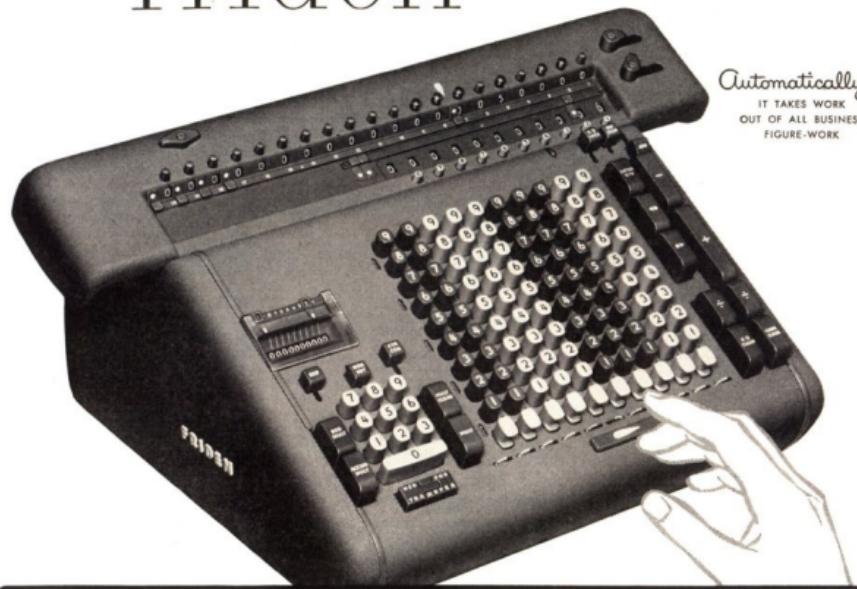
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MILESTONES

TWO BILLION DOLLARS

LEHMAN BROTHERS

in 1953 was manager, joint manager or major participant in the following

STATE, MUNICIPAL, REVENUE and AUTHORITY

bond issues aggregating over \$2,000,000,000

Managed alone or jointly the following issues:

\$ 6,630,000 Bayonne, N. J. Sewage System 4% Bonds, Due 1959-73	\$ 30,000,000 Los Angeles, Calif. Sch. Dist. 3½% Bonds, Due 1954-78
1,300,000 Cambria County Institutional Dist., Pa. 2½% Bonds, Due 1955-67	12,000,000 Los Angeles, Calif. 3½% Bonds, Due 1954-73
100,000,000 Dearborn, Mich. Sewer Revenue 4%, 3½%, 3½% & 3% Bonds Due 1957-73 & 1983	20,000,000 Los Angeles, Calif. Dept. Wtr. & Elec. Plant Revenue 5%, 2½%, 2½% & 2% Bonds, Due 1954-83
13,500,000 Detroit Wayne Jr. Bldg. Auth. (Mich.) 3½%, 3½%, 3%, 3½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1957-83	6,600,000 Mobile, Alabama 3½% Bonds, Due 1953-70
3,000,000 City and County of Honolulu, Hawaii 3%, 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1958-83	3,700,000 Mobile, Alabama, Wtr. Service Revenue 4½% Bonds, Due 1957-80
122,515,000 New Housing Authority Bonds 3%, 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1954-83	27,094,000 Nassau County, N. Y. 3,10% Bonds, Due 1954-82
16,200,000 New Housing Authority Bonds 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1954-83	150,000,000 New Jersey Highway Authority 3% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1960-88
102,675,000 New Housing Authority Bonds 3%, 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1954-84	135,000,000 New Jersey Highway Authority 3% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1954-88
40,670,000 New Housing Authority Bonds 2½%, 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1954-84	125,000,000 New York State Thruway Authority 4%, 2½%, 2½%, 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1958-84
11,987,000 New York City Housing Authority Various Rates Notes	125,000,000 New York State Thruway Authority 4%, 2½%, 2½%, 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1958-84
8,733,000 Houston, Tex. Water System Revenue 3%, 3½%, 3½%, 3½% & 2½%, 2½% Bonds, Due 1954-84	33,350,000 Philadelphia, Pa. 4%, 3½% & 3% Bonds, Due 1955-82
5,925,000 Houston, Texas	10,000,000 Philadelphia, Pa. Sch. Dist. 4%, 2½% & 1½% Bonds, Due 1954-78
1,750,000 Jackson and Clay Counties, Missouri (Paseo Bridge Revenue Bonds)	15,000,000 State of South Carolina 2½% Bonds, Due 1954-68
5,500,000 Kansas City, Kansas, Water & Electric Light Plant Revenue Bonds 3%, 2½%, 2½% & 1½% Bonds, Due 1954-63	2,130,000 Wake County, N. C. School 6%, 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1955-82
8,500,000 Kansas City, Missouri, Water Revenue 3½%, 3%, 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1963-78	3,000,000 Wichita, Kansas, School 4%, 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1954-73

Major participant in the following issues:

\$ 6,745,000 Akron City School District, Ohio 2½% Bonds, Due 1954-74	\$ 7,995,000 Memphis, Tenn. 2½%, 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1954-83
100,000,000 State of California Veterans' 2½%, 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1954-73	27,100,000 Miami, Florida, Sewer Disposal & Sewer Revenue 4%, 4½%, 4¾%, 4½%, 4½%, 4½% & 4% Bonds, Due 1957-93
12,500,000 Missouri Dept. Ed. of Educ. 3½% Bonds, Due 1956-73	150,000,000 New Jersey Turnpike Authority 3½% Bonds, Due 1988
12,500,000 East Baton Rouge Parish, La. Consolidated Sch. Dist. No. 1 3½% & 3½% Bonds, Due 1954-72	37,000,000 State of Oregon 2½%, 2½%, 1½% & 1½% Bonds, Due 1954-60
20,000,000 Fulton-Dekalb Hospital Auth., Ga. 4%, 2½%, 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1955-79	21,000,000 Puerto Rico Wtr. Resources Auth. Electric Revenue 4½%, 4½%, 4½%, 4½%, 4½% & 4% Bonds, Due 1955-88
63,300,000 Salt Lake City, Authority of Ge. 3½% Bonds, Due 1954-71	10,800,000 San Diego Unified Sch. Dist., Calif. 3½%, 3%, 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1954-73
15,500,000 Harris County, Texas, Flood Control and Courthouse 2½%, 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1954-73	30,000,000 State of South Carolina Sch. 2½% Bonds, Due 1954-73
280,000,000 Indiana Turnpike Toll Road Comm. 3½% Bonds, Due 1994	15,000,000 State of Texas Veterans' 3½%, 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1960-89
75,000,000 International Bank for Reconstruction and Development 3½% Bonds, Due 1956	20,000,000 State of Washington School 4%, 2½% & 2½% Bonds, Due 1955-63
5,000,000 Kentucky, Tenn. Sewer Revenue 5%, 3½%, 3½% & 3½% Bonds, Due 1957-88	27,000,000 State of Washington Motor Vehicle Fuel Tax Revenue 6%, 3½% & 3½% Bonds, Due 1954-76

This is not an offering of any securities. A list of current offerings of tax-exempt securities will be sent on request.

LEHMAN BROTHERS

One William Street, New York

December 29, 1953

Married. Barbara Hutton, 41, five & dime heiress; and Porfirio Rubirosa, 44, Dominican playboy-diplomat; she for the fifth time; he for the fourth; in Manhattan (see INTERNATIONAL).

Married. Henry Miller, 62, onetime Left Bank expatriate turned California recluse, whose sex-obsessed novels (*Tropic of Capricorn*, *Tropic of Cancer*), after being banned in the U.S., became *avant-garde* favorites in France; and Evelyn Byrd McClure, 29, Hollywood actress; each for the third time; in Carmel Highlands, Calif.

Married. William Christopher Handy, 80, Negro trumpeter, composer (*St. Louis Blues*, *Beale Street Blues*, *Memphis Blues*) turned Manhattan music publisher; and Irma Louise Logan, 51, his longtime secretary; both for the second time (his first wife died in 1937); in Yonkers, N.Y.

Died. Charles Emile ("Gus") Dorais, 62, long-time football coach at the University of Detroit (1925-42) and coach of the professional Detroit Lions (1943-47), who, as quarterback for Notre Dame, with the late Knute Rockne at end, exploited the little-used forward pass to upset Army, 35-13, and revolutionize football (1913); after long illness; in Birmingham, Mich.

Died. Alfred Duff Cooper, Viscount Norwich, 63, British statesman-author; of a heart attack; aboard the French cruise ship *Colombie*, off Vigo, Spain. Educated at Eton and Oxford, he won the D.S.O. in World War I as an officer of the Grenadier Guards, came home to marry Britain's reigning beauty, Lady Diana Manners, over the objections of her father, the Duke of Rutland. Entering Parliament in 1924, Duff Cooper turned out a brace of authoritative biographies (*Talleyrand*, *Haig*), became Secretary for War under Conservative Stanley Baldwin (1935-37), was assailed as a "disgraceful scaramonger" for urging rearmament against Hitler. Appointed First Lord of the Admiralty by Neville Chamberlain, he resigned in protest against the 1938 Munich agreement with the Axis, told his colleagues: "I have ruined, perhaps, my political career. But that is a little matter . . . I can still walk about the world with my head erect." During World War II, he served briefly as Churchill's Minister of Information (1940-41), after France's liberation went to Paris as ambassador. Duff Cooper retired in 1947, wrote a candid autobiography, *Old Men Forget*, published two months before his death. . .

Died. Albert Plesman, 64, founder-president of K.L.M., Royal Dutch Airlines, who reorganized his company after World War II, boosted it to fourth place among the world's airlines; of an abdominal arterial hemorrhage; in The Hague.



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CINEMA

The Big Money

After totting up the 1953 box-office figures this week, *Variety* reported that the No. 1 picture—though in release only three months—was 20th Century-Fox's first CinemaScopepic, *The Robe*. The estimated gross: between \$20 million and \$30 million, a fair start toward topping *Gone With the Wind*, the alltime top-grosser (\$35 million).

Other expected big-grossers: *From Here to Eternity* (Columbia), \$12,500,000; *Shane* (Paramount), \$8,000,000; *How to Marry a Millionaire* (20th Century-Fox, CinemaScope), \$7,500,000; *Peter Pan* (Walt Disney; RKO Radio), \$7,000,000; *Hans Christian Andersen* (Samuel Goldwyn; RKO Radio), \$6,000,000; *House of Wax* (Warner, 3-D), \$5,500,000; *Mogambo* (M-G-M), \$5,200,000; *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes* (20th Century-Fox), \$5,100,000; *Moulin Rouge* (Romulus Films; United Artists), \$3,000,000; *Salome* (Beckworth Corp.; Columbia), \$4,750,000; *The Charge at Feather River* (Warner, 3-D), \$3,650,000; *The Caddy* (Hal Wallis; Paramount), \$3,500,000; *Come Back, Little Sheba* (Hal Wallis; Paramount), \$3,500,000; *The Moon Is Blue* (Preminger-Herbert; United Artists), \$3,500,000.

Motion Picture Herald polled exhibitors for their favorite box-office draws for 1953. To nobody's surprise, most of the favorites were oldtimers, and eight of the top ten spots were held by men. The only newcomer—much-publicized Marilyn Monroe—placed sixth. The big ten: 1) Gary Cooper, 2) Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis, 3) John Wayne, 4) Alan Ladd—up from 16th place, 5) Bing Crosby, 6) Marilyn Monroe, 7) James Stewart, 8) Bob Hope, 9) Susan Hayward, 10) Randolph Scott.

The Censors

Cinemogul Sam Goldwyn got off a letter to Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America. The subject vibrated sympathetically on the very purse strings of Goldwyn and his fellow moviemakers: screen censorship.

Wrote Goldwyn: "I believe the time has come . . . to bring the Production Code up to date . . . Today there is a far greater maturity among the audiences than there was 25 years ago . . . Unless the code is brought reasonably up to date, the tendency to bypass it, which has already begun, will increase. This can lead to excesses . . ."

The troublesome Motion Picture Production Code was originally designed, in 1930, to clean up Hollywood, which in those days was making such hot-blooded pictures as *Luring Lips* and *Flame of Youth*. But in recent years, moviemakers aiming for pictures with an adult appeal, and others frankly bent on box-office excitement, have rejected censorship, turn-

ing the resultant publicity to their advantage. Samples:

¶ *The Moon Is Blue* (TIME, July 6) was denied the code seal because of its lighthearted approach to sex (the script contains such words as "virgin," "pregnant," "seduction," "mistress"). The picture is making a fine profit (*see above*), despite the fact that 1) local censorship groups have banned it from dozens of theaters around the U.S., and 2) it has been condemned by the Roman Catholic Legion of Decency, a censoring body of



United Press

JANE RUSSELL
In Hollywood, a sympathetic vibration.

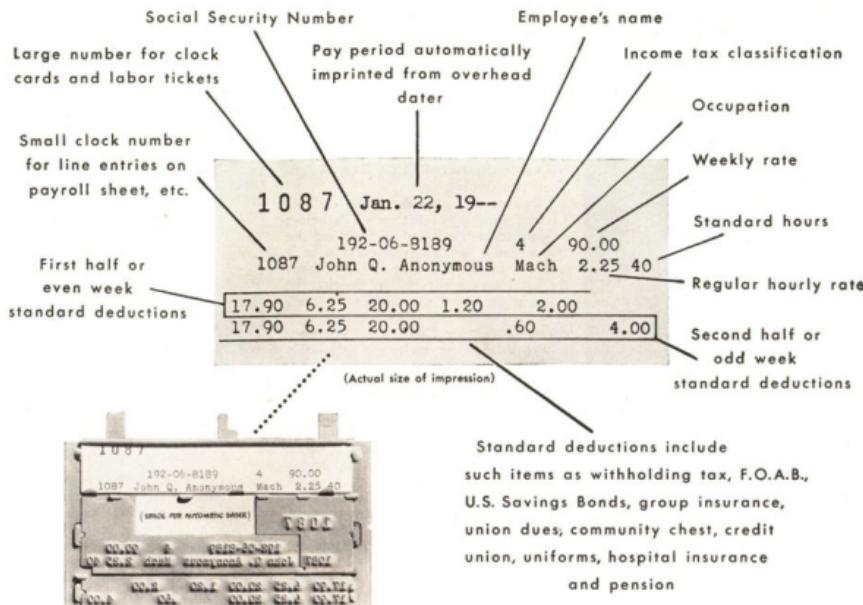
greater rigidity than the code and infinitely greater power over the box office.

¶ *The French Line* (RKO Radio), starring Cinemactress Jane Russell, opened last week in St. Louis after the code seal was denied. In one scene, Jane, scantily dressed, does a dance that the Johnston Office regards as "overly suggestive." Even Jane said later that she disapproved of the scene. Last week Archbishop Joseph E. Ritter of St. Louis forbade Catholics in his archdiocese to see the picture "under penalty of mortal sin."

Can the M.P.A.A. come across with some sensible easing of the code? This month the organization plans to discuss a few changes, dealing mostly with some outdated restrictions on miscegenation and the use of liquor.

The New Pictures

Paratrooper (Columbia) gains some freshness as a war picture by having Alan Ladd go through his deadpan heroics as a member of the British army. Ex-U.S. Captain Ladd pretends to be a Canadian and volunteers as a private in the paratroops. He soon learns that, no matter what uniform they wear, noncoms are noncoms, and spends a fortnight in the



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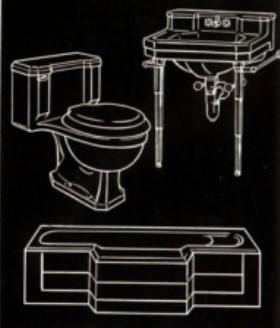
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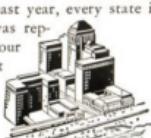


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stockade for slugging his corporal in a barroom brawl. But the picture soon demonstrates that it intends to be different: one of the tough top kicks, showing his squad how easy it is to bail out of a plane, plummets sickeningly to his death because his parachute fails to open. The other noncoms meet equally grim fates: the scrappy corporal loses both feet in an airborne raid on occupied France, and the regimental sergeant major dies in the North African invasion.

Paratrooper Ladd obdurately refuses a commission (his reason: as a U.S. officer he once ordered a friend to jump and the friend died), but his reluctance to be a leader is finally overcome in battle when the paratroopers, successfully dodging the Nazis in the desert, blunder into a minefield. Newcomer Susan Stephen makes an appealing foil for Ladd: she is peppery enough in the early reels, and sufficiently soft in time for the clinch. The Technicolor is generally excellent. Leo Genn, as a spit & polish British major, has an amusing scene: encountering the informal crew of a U.S. bomber, he snaps to attention, explains: "I just thought someone ought to salute somebody around here."

Heidi (United Artists) is pretty well taken care of in the words of a six-year-old boy who saw the picture. "It got sad in the middle," he said, "but it happened at the end." The suggestion of a fallen cake, sunk under the weight of its unassimilated sugar, fits Lazar Wechsler's film as well as Johanna Spyri's book (here done in film for the second time), but young children will probably like the one as well as they do the other. Heidi herself is freshly, simply played by Elsbeth Sigmond, and her crusty grandfather is done brown by Heinrich Gretler.

King of the Khyber Rifles (20th Century-Fox) may be the first CinemaScope production to justify a recent Hollywood wisecrack: "The wider they come the harder they flop." **King** is a routine Tyrone Power costume adventure set in 1857. Spread out on the enormous CinemaScope screen, it forces the actors to shout love at each other about as intimately as opponents on a tennis court, and the audience gets a neck ache following the conversational ball.

The story about a British hill station in northern India has a familiar set of characters: the new officer (Power), the commander's daughter (Terry Moore), and her father (Michael Rennie), who refuses consent—in this case because Ty is a half-caste. "Don't you mind when people have the way they do?" pouts Actress Moore, an ingénue who seems continually worried by the complexity of her lines. "I mind, but I hope for the best. The world's still young," replies Actor Power, managing to look a little like Nehru and John Barrymore at the same time. Yes, the twain meet in the end.

King is the third CinemaScope picture in a row (*How to Marry a Millionaire*, *Beneath the Twelve-Mile Reef*) with a five-word title. Perhaps someone has de-



TERRY MOORE & TYRONE POWER
He hopes for the best.

cided that big titles along with a big screen will convince the public that it will see a big picture. This one, however, suggests a prompt use for what might otherwise have seemed the most foolish invention of the week—a device, announced by Joseph and Irving Tushinsky in Hollywood, that can take a CinemaScope picture, pumped up at great cost to two times normal size, and deflate it.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Conquest of Everest. A heart-stirring camera record of the 1953 expedition to the top of the world's highest mountain (TIME, Dec. 21).

Escape from Fort Bravo. High-style horse opera, a worthy stalemate to *Shane* and *High Noon*; with William Holden, John Forsythe (TIME, Dec. 14).

The Living Desert. Walt Disney's first full-length film of nature in the raw; seldom mild, often cruelly beautiful (TIME, Nov. 16).

The Actress. Ruth Gordon's hit comedy about stagestruck adolescence; with Spencer Tracy, Teresa Wright, Jean Simmons (TIME, Oct. 19).

The Captain's Paradise. Alec Guinness as a ferryboat captain who manages to have a wife (Celia Johnson and Yvonne de Carlo) in each port (TIME, Oct. 12).

The Robe. The first CinemaScope film: a colorful, breathtakingly big production based on Lloyd C. Douglas' 1942 best-seller, starring Richard Burton, Victor Mature, Jean Simmons (TIME, Sept. 28).

Roman Holiday. Newcomer Audrey Hepburn goes on a hilarious tour of Rome with Gregory Peck (TIME, Sept. 7).

The Cruel Sea. One of the best of the World War II films, based on Nicholas Monsarrat's bestseller (TIME, Aug. 24).

From Here to Eternity. James Jones's novel about life in the peacetime Army, compressed into a hard, tensely acted movie (TIME, Aug. 10).

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BOOKS

Lycovrissi Parable

THE GREEK PASSION (432 pp.)—Nikos Kazantzakis—*Simon & Schuster* (\$4).

The Greek Orthodox priest and elders of the Turkish town of Lycovrissi found it easy, a year ahead of time, to fill most of the parts in their Passion play. A coarse-faced wife-beater was picked to play Judas. The role of Mary Magdalen fell to the village prostitute. Plain men of good will were chosen for the Apostles, and it was finally agreed that a fresh-faced young peasant named Manolios was best fitted to play the part of Christ.

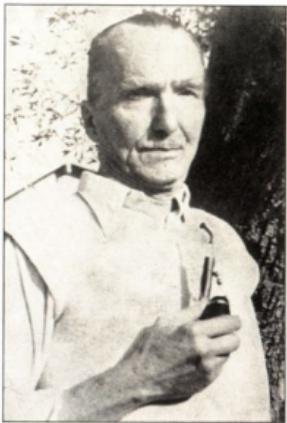
Yet the chosen actors never gave their Passion play. Instead, along with their fellow townsfolk of Lycovrissi, they lived it. In *The Greek Passion*, Novelist Nikos Kazantzakis shows how the suffering and crucifixion of Christ in Roman Judea might be re-enacted in a modern setting—a Greek-inhabited Turkish town, circa 1920. Second of his novels to be published in the U.S. within a year, it is a striking demonstration of literary virtuosity for Kazantzakis. The hero of his *Zorba the Greek* was a neo-Hellenic Pan who seemed to have goat-footed his way straight out of pagan mythology. *The Greek Passion* is a powerful parable of the Christian conscience and a high mark for the rest of 1954's novelists to aim at.

Dreams on the Mountain. Each of the chosen actors of the Lycovrissi Passion is instructed by the priest to fix his mind on his coming role. Manolios, the Christus, is the first to find his mind divided. He lifts his thoughts to sacred things, but his fiancée, panting for marriage, keeps bringing him back to the earthly. Manolios retreats to a mountain and meditates, only to find the Lycovrissi Magdalene dancing through his dreams.

While Manolios is wrestling with himself on the mountain and winning, the townspeople wrestle with their collective conscience and lose. A starving band of refugees, uprooted by the Turks from another village, appear at the gates of Lycovrissi and plead for bread and a chance to start new lives in the town. But, led by their priest himself, the people of Lycovrissi hoot the newcomers off to a barren neighboring hill, where they settle miserably in caves.

Lycovrissi soon has its own troubles. The town is ruled by a Turkish governor called the Agha, and the Agha is ruled by pleasure, good food, good drink, his waterpipe, and above all, his young boy paramour. When the boy is found murdered, the Agha threatens to hang every Greek in the village. The town trembles, tries to pin the crime on the Judas actor.

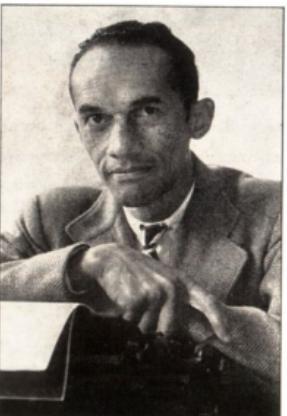
Death at the Altar. But Manolios has been growing into his role. Down from the mountain he comes, to confess the murderer and give his life for the village. When the real murderer is exposed, Manolios, reprieved, takes up the cause of the cave-dwelling refugees. When he persuades oth-



NOVELIST KAZANTZAKIS

After Pan, the Christian conscience. ers to side with the refugees—including a rich man's son who gives the family estates away to them—the priest and elders are wildly incensed.

Novelist Kazantzakis carries his story to its inexorable end, through the betrayal of Manolios and his questioning by the Agha to his grisly death before the high altar of the village church. When the body of Manolios is given to his friends, one murmurs: "In vain, my Christ, in vain . . . two thousand years have gone by and men crucify You still. When will You be born, my Christ, and not be crucified anymore, but live among us for eternity?"



Brian Seed

NOVELIST MITTELHOLZER
After the ju-jus, the Joneses.

Guiana Belle

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF SYLVIA (316 pp.)—Edgar Mittelholzer—John Day (\$4).

Sylvia Russell's complexion was pale olive and her eyes were limpid hazel-green, but her hair was her crowning glory. It was what British Guiana called "Good Hair": it came flaxen straight from her immigrant cockney father and gave no hint, by frizz or kink, that Sylvia's mother was "a low-class girl" of "Buck" (Guiana Indian) and Negro parentage. Sylvia could not claim to belong to "the respectable middle class" of old and established colored families, but she was tony enough to attend the Georgetown academy of Miss Jenkins (a colored lady who passed for white) and to look down on Negroes, Indians, Syrians, Chinese, Eurasians and mixtures thereof.

In a previous novel, *Shadows Move Among Them* (TIME, Sept. 17, 1951), Guiana's Edgar Mittelholzer showed a rare hand at distilling weird comedy from sex, religion and primitive passion. But his new novel (his sixth) is neither weird nor comic. It shows what happens when the laws of the jungle are replaced by the codes of the suburbs, and it portrays with grimness the lives of colored people whose worship of ancestral ju-jus has changed into keeping up with the Joneses.

Pride & Prejudice. Tough, affable Grantley Russell, son of a hall porter but now a well-to-do engineer, regards Guiana's caste system with a mocking grin. The only Englishman in the book, he can afford to be tolerant, promiscuous, and amused by the battle of the pigments. "Goo-goo, my high-color belle," he cries, tossing his little daughter Sylvia to the ceiling. "Where do you come into the picture? What's your rating?" Ostracized in her bedroom, shiftless mother Russell sits interminably over her Singer sewing machine and gossips with her "dark" friends about the latest scandalous marriage, in words that read like a Guiana parody of *Pride and Prejudice*:

"De family raving mad. Ah hear his mudder say he must never cross de thresh-old of her door again . . ."

"Serve dem right! . . . All dese big puffed-up high-color people—Ah never sorry when . . . they get tek down a peg or two."

"And his grandfadder was de Reverend Barton Dowden, a Presbyterian parson. And he had a great-grandfadder who was a manager of Plantation Vyfuishied on de West Coast—pure white man."

"Oh! You see dis world, heh? Godmudder used to say: 'Tek heed, he dat stand lest he falleth' . . . Godmudder was a wise woman, yeah!"

By the time she is teen-age, Sylvia can read the faintest marks and signs of caste as ably as a jungle tracker can read a spoon. But Sylvia, secure in the shelter of her father's wing, enjoys sticking her neck out. It is tedious always to be "Russell's daughter"—to swap sophisticated chaff with Daddy and his "high-color"

business friends, to go to the Town Hall with "people of good family, olive-complexioned, with Good Hair." So Sylvia frequents the frame house of her Indian girl friend Naomi, where a gang of fascinating outcasts has created a Guiana version of Greenwich Village, a classless, promiscuous world where *True Story* and London's *New Statesman and Nation* share the same rickety table, and illegitimate moppets of varying shades of color crawl among the legs of "dark" Reds, "light" philosophers, and girls whose hair is unspeakably "bad."

Starvation or Prostitution. Mittelholzer spends half his novel building up this portrait of a girl who, thanks to her wealthy father, can keep what company she pleases. Then, with a bang, he pulls the carpet out from under his heroine. Father Russell is murdered. The jolly businessmen who laughed around his bridge table vanish into thin air—save for one who stays around long enough to pop the remains of Daddy's capital into his own pocket. By the end of the novel, Sylvia has sunk to a stratum from which death is the only escape, where crackers and condensed milk are deemed a nourishing meal and Good Hair is valued only because it is attractive to "dark" male customers.

The weakness of *The Life and Death of Sylvia* is that, having once got his unhappy heroine down, Mittelholzer never gives her a fair chance to get up: it is he, more than "society," who imposes on her the final alternatives of prostitution or starvation. But *Sylvia* remains one of the most gruesome studies of race relations ever written, precisely because its cast is composed almost entirely of colored people. Many novelists have stirred the human conscience with polemics in black & white, but Mittelholzer is among the first to explore the terrible underworld of shades where life and destiny hang upon a hair.

Spanish Fatalist

THE FINAL HOURS (273 pp.)—José Suárez Carreño—Knopf (\$3.50).

This book is the second novel to reach the U.S. from Franco Spain in the past three months, and the second to show that thoughtful and compassionate Spanish writers take a grim view of life. In *The Hive* (TIME, Oct. 5), Camilo José Cela highlighted the plight of poverty-stricken Madridanos. In *The Final Hours*, José Suárez Carreño, 39, portrays the night life of Madrid and offers a world where love is impossible and the human condition hopeless.

Author Suárez' soberly bitter story centers on three characters and is concentrated in one night. Carmen is the young daughter of middle-class parents who has turned prostitute to help pay the bills. Angel Aguado is middle-aged, rich and impotent. He seeks "a purity based on frustrated sexuality," and Carmen is the girl he has "elected for his despair." Manolo is a street boy possessed of enormous dignity, though he lives on petty chores and



A MASEFIELD SAMPLER

For close to a quarter of a century, the poet laureate of England has been a man who announced, on the first page of his first book, that he proposed to write about "the ranker, the tramp of the road . . . the sailor, the stoker of steamers . . . the dust and scum of the earth." It was a far cry from Alfred Lord Tennyson—though not so far from that forerunner of all English laureates, Geoffrey Chaucer. Now, at 75, Poet Laureate John Masefield has republished, in his collected *Poems* (Macmillan; \$8), all the verse he wants to have remembered. The collection includes not one of the poems he has written, as laureate, for royal occasions. Samples:

SEA-FEVER

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's
shaking,

And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume and the sea-gulls
crying.

I must go down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like
a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

From LAUGH AND BE MERRY

Laugh and be merry, remember, better the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.
Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span.
Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man.

Laugh and be merry: remember, in olden time
God made Heaven and Earth for joy He took in a rhyme,
Made them, and filled them full with the strong red wine of
His mirth.
The splendid joy of the stars: the joy of the earth . . .

From THE HILL

This remains here.
This was here, I well remember, over fifty years ago.
Subject to untiring Nature as to many dying creatures,
Altered always, crop and colour, but preserving living features
That we love and seem to know . . .

Man is nothing
To this quiet, full of power, to this effort, full of peace,
Nothing, even as a rebel, blind with anger and forgetfulness;
Nothing, even as a turmoil that his madness cannot settle
That his death makes swiftly cease . . .

Let them answer
Who reply to every question, as befits an iron time.
I can only see a valley with a million grass-blades blowing
And a hill with clouds above it whither many larks are going
Singing paean as they climb.

" Enjoy That "
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 Feeling



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 Cables: Quickmiles, Paris.

thievery. He is deeply attracted to Carmen, though he has seen her only at a distance.

As the night wears on, Manolo circulates around Madrid, seeing the people of his world: beggars, thieves, drunkards, street vendors. For them the naked problem of life is survival; the eternal lesson: "All of us are like beasts . . . because nobody loves anybody; because between men there isn't anything but deception, hate and suffering." For Carmen and the wealthy Angel Aguado, who spend the night going from bar to bar together, the problem is different. Aguado's case is insatiable, since his sickness consists in being a man incapable of functioning as a man. Unlike Aguado, who torments himself, Carmen has found serenity in "the very hugeness of her misfortune." She is in love with a mystic who has renounced her because he believes that "to be happy now is a tremendous sin," and she knows she will never see him again.

In the final hours of the night, Carmen and Aguado meet Manolo, the street boy, in a bar, and as Manolo looks at the girl, there shines in his eyes "something innocent, hopeless and impossible." Aguado takes them for a drive in his car. In the sierra above Madrid, he smashes the car against the rock wall of the mountain and kills Carmen and himself. As he dies, he thinks, "Everything is useless, absolutely everything in this world." Manolo survives. He robs Aguado's corpse of 12,000 pesetas and starts back toward Madrid on foot, thinking, "I have to live."

Author Suárez' pessimistic fatalism is not calculated to win him wide readership in the U.S., although in Spain he has reaped a harvest of literary honors. He has won the Adonais Prize with a volume of poems, the Lope de Vega Prize with a play, and the Nadal Prize with *The Final Hours*, his first novel. U.S. readers will not have to share Prizewinner Suárez' gloomy attitude to respect his accomplishments as a novelist.

RECENT & READABLE

The Nemesis of Power, by John W. Wheeler-Bennett. Superbly told story of the German army's maneuverings in German politics from 1918 to 1945 (*TIME*, Dec. 28).

Someone Like You, by Roald Dahl. First-class short stories with bizarre, sometimes macabre plots and often surprise endings (*TIME*, Dec. 28).

Triumph and Tragedy, by Winston Churchill. Sixth and last volume of the best of all World War II accounts (*TIME*, Nov. 30).

The Journals of Lewis and Clark. The engrossing story of the first exploration of the Louisiana Purchase (*TIME*, Nov. 23).

Mary Tudor, by H. F. M. Prescott. A penetrating biography of the woman known to history as "Bloody Mary"; a revised edition of Author Prescott's 1940 *Spanish Tudor* (*TIME*, Nov. 23).

Except the Lord, by Joyce Cary. How poverty and a sense of predestination sent a young Englishman out into the world with a fire in his heels (*TIME*, Nov. 16).

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MISCELLANY

Modern Living. In Vienna, after touring Europe for a year inside a big glass bottle, Stunt Man Rudolf Schmied climbed out, told reporters that he had lost 66 lbs., but "there is little difference between life inside and outside the bottle."

Home Place. In Salem, Ore., released after serving a term for auto theft, Joseph Trapp was arrested as he drove by the state prison "to see what the pen looks like from the outside." admitted that he had stolen the car, explained: "I would have been arrested for vagrancy anyhow."

The Linguist. In Detroit, charged with begging, Fred Johnson handed notes to police explaining that he was a deaf mute, but when the judge irritably asked him if he could talk, he proudly replied: "I can speak English, Spanish, German and a little French," got 60 days in jail.

Busted. In Los Angeles, seeking a divorce, Mrs. Winifred Barnet testified that her husband Leonard came home after six weeks of marriage, announced that, because he had found a new love, she had been demoted to "housekeeper."

Double Jeopardy. In Quebec, a month after her husband was locked up for threatening her with an ax, Mrs. Armand Beland asked a city judge to send him home, added: "Would it be possible to have the ax back? The St. Vincent de Paul Society has given us some wood and we have no ax to split it . . ."

Day's Work. In St. Charles, Mo., Orval Bohlander and Ruth Pence were sentenced to 60 days in jail after they admitted that they had stolen some \$30 worth of merchandise from four stores in one morning, returned the same afternoon to get cash refunds for their loot.

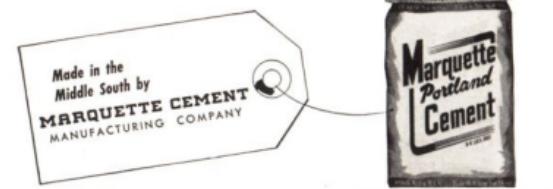
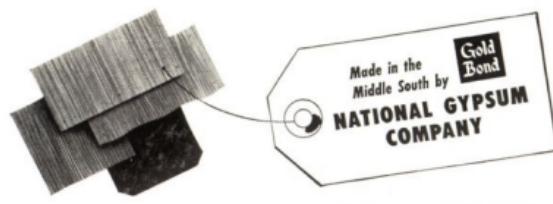
Missing. In San Antonio, this item appeared in the *Light*: "\$10 REWARD [for] anyone giving name and address of party that removed three-room frame house and barn in rear of 113 North Pecos Street . . ."

Old Haunts. In Albuquerque, after serving a sentence for robbing the National Carloading Co., Fred S. Olds was released from prison, next day was arrested, charged with breaking into the National Carloading Co.

Nepenthe. In Detroit, John Vlaikov, 64, arrested for drunkenness, explained that he seldom drank, but had gone out on a spree after his wife Theresa, 70, came home and announced that she had just bought 35 hats and 40 dresses.

The Competition. In Glendale, Calif., arrested after committing 17 robberies, Bernie Howe explained: "A guy said he pulled 104 jobs, so I started out to beat his record . . ."

American Industry Chooses the Middle South



Great growth in local, regional and world markets served by the Middle South is one reason for the location here of such well-known industries as the National Gypsum Company; Marquette Cement Manufacturing Company; Fairbanks, Morse & Company and scores of other companies, large and small. For example, since 1940 retail sales in Middle South have jumped 344% as against a national increase of 259%. Per capita income is up 268%; for the nation as a whole up only 185%. Value of manufactured products increased 453%.

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AS THE PLANES on these pages show, the American aircraft industry has led the world in fighter development since World War I. Development and production of superior

fighters, and aircraft in every other category of Air Power, must be continued year after year without interruption if American Air Power is to be an effective instrument for peace.



1. In 1918, France, not America, led in fighter airplane development. U. S. pilots, like Ace of Aces Captain Rickenbacker, flew 130 m.p.h. Spads. Though primitive, they represented huge advances over the 28 m.p.h. aircraft flown by the Wrights a mere 15 years earlier.



2. By 1926, America's young aviation industry had developed a powerful new air-cooled engine, Pratt & Whitney's Wasp. Rugged and very light, the Wasp produced over 400 h.p., a huge output for its day. A generation of fast fighters, like Boeing's P-12, was built around it.



3. More powerful engines and growing design experience led to more streamlined, low-wing monoplanes in the 1930's. Between the 230 m.p.h. Boeing P-26 (above) and the 300 m.p.h. Curtiss P-36, speed-cutting external struts and bracing wires had disappeared from fighters.



4. The big, rugged Republic P-47 Thunderbolt brought Army Air Force fighter speed to over 400 m.p.h. Built in 1941 around a new 2000 h.p. Pratt & Whitney engine, it became one of World War II's top fighters. It outflew and outfought the enemy's best in every war theater.



5. The Jet age in America dates from 1942, when the experimental Bell XP-59 fighter first flew. Its two small turbojet engines each developed 1250 pounds of thrust. By 1945, 4000-pound thrust turbojets, and 550 m.p.h. Lockheed P-80 Shooting Stars (above) were in production.



6. As early as 1945, design work began for the first of famed families of North American F-86 Sabres (above), and Republic F-84 Thunderjets. In Korea, though far out-numbered, Sabres scored a 13 to 1 margin over Russian-made MIGs, while F-84s starred against ground targets.



7. First of several U.S.A.F. supersonic fighter types in production, North American F-100 Super Sabre, is powered by Pratt & Whitney's J-57 jet.

Can U.S. Air Power Prevent a War?

The answer lies in how consistently America pursues
a sound peacetime Air Power policy

FROM the Spad of 1918 to the Super Sabre of 1954, American Air Power has grown in importance to the stage where its strength or weakness can mean the difference between winning, losing, or preventing another World War. To succeed in preventing a war, our military aircraft—in every major category—must be second to none in performance and strong enough *in numbers* to discourage aggression before it starts.

Never before—not in 1918, 1941 or 1950—has America had Air Power of such effective dimensions when the chips were down. To build this kind of Air

Power and to have it ready at the time of some *future* emergency, there must be a continuous long-range program of production of the finest military aircraft that can be developed, in sufficient quantities to do the job.

As the Secretary of Defense has said, "It is especially important . . . that we organize our military efforts for maximum effectiveness and efficiency over a period of years." That is why the Department of Defense—the Air Force, the Navy and the Army—must have the support of every citizen for a realistic, long-range Air Power program.

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